

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 35.

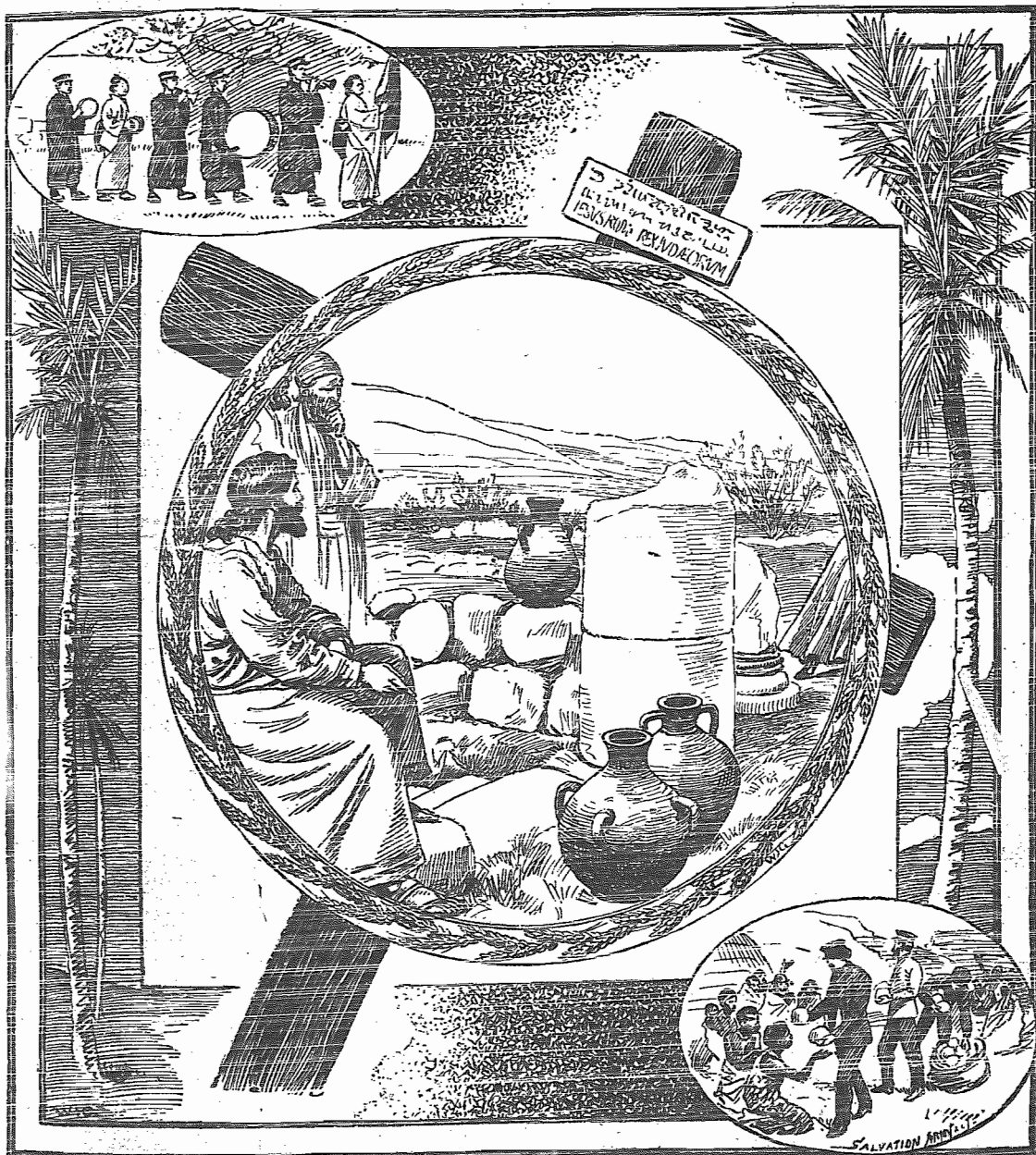
WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1907.

THOMAS J. COOMBS,
Comptroller.

Price, 2 Cents.

THE LEFT WATER POTS.



Wanted—Young Men and Women to Leave Their Water Pots of Worldly Ambitions and Go to the Cities and Proclaim that They “Have Seen the Christ.”

HOW GOD ANSWERED PRAYER.

A Romance of The Social Gazette.

Not many weeks ago we published in our columns the story of a wonderful conversion, giving a few—a very few—details of the early life of the convert, going on to describe the terrible condition to which she had brought herself, and concluding with the gratifying announcement that not only had she professed salvation, but had also given ample proof of the reality of her conversion in her daily life.

Wonderful though the story was, it did not end there. In fact, the article might almost have been described as prophetic in the statement with which it concluded—"great things are expected of her future."

Scarcely had the particular issue of "The Social Gazette" which contained this story got into circulation, than we received from a Midland town one of the most gratifying letters that have ever come to this office.

The writer stated that he had read the article with intense interest. His wife had for a long time been praying for the conversion and cure of a niece of hers, who had been missing for some long time, and who had given way to just the habits described by us as having been indulged in by the convert of whom we wrote. The other details were meagre, but appeared to fit in with what was known of the girl. Could we say whether the girl's real name was B—J—; if so, would we put her in communication with the faithful relatives, who in spite of everything else, had continued to pray and believe for her ultimate restoration.

We were able to reply by return of post that the girl of whom we wrote and the person for whom our correspondent enquired, were one and the same. The convert's present address was also sent to the inquirer by the same post.

And there, so far as we are concerned, the matter rests. It is, however, a striking illustration of the efficacy of faithful prayer, and incidentally also of the power of the Press.—Social Gazette.

The Army's Brass Instruments displayed at the recent Christchurch Exhibition, have been awarded the gold medal. This is a decidedly gratifying award, and one that has given great satisfaction to our Australasian comrades—the Bandmen especially.

The Praying League

Special Topic.—Pray for patients in Hospitals, and all sufferers on couches of pain.

Sunday, June 9th.—Helpless!—Judges xvi., 16-30.

Monday, June 10th.—Daughter-in-law, —Ruth i., 1-22.

Tuesday, June 11th.—Eastern Master, —Ruth ii., 1-13.

Wednesday, June 12th.—Mother-in-law, —Ruth ii., 14-25; iii., 1-5.

Thursday, June 13th.—Kind Kinsman, —Ruth iii., 6-18.

Friday, June 14th.—David's Great Grand-Mother, —Ruth iv., 1-17.

Saturday, June 15th.—Misunderstood, —I Sam. i., 1-15.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.
By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Some time ago, by the wish of our Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, we

THE LEFT WATER POTS.

An Example that a Lot of Young People in Canada Would Do Well to Follow.

(See our frontispiece.)



ONLY a few old water jugs or pots—in their place very useful, but of little value. Why allude to them, then? Simply for what they represent, which is a great deal. They stand silently there, beside the old Samaritan well, and preach a powerful sermon to everyone who has just tasted of the precious love of Christ, and who, like the woman to whom the vessels belonged, has had his or her eyes opened to a golden opportunity of declaring what Christ is.

As soon as the blessed truth dawned upon the dark, sin-stained soul of this daughter of Samaria that the Messiah had come—and He who had spoken words of light and blessing to her was none other than He—what heart had she to go back to her abode of sin? In an instant her life underwent a transformation. The charm of sin, if such there was, perished with the first glance of the Messiah. Her earthly duties receded to the background of her thoughts. Home, meal, friends—everything could wait at this moving, thrilling, enthralling sight—Christ the Messiah, her people's Deliverer, the world's Redeemer. Ah! the world must know of it. The light must be stirred. Far and wide, and without a moment's delay, the glorious tidings must be published, and she would do it. Yes she—a woman: she would run to the city; she would tell the men; she would neglect everything else for this mission; she would not care what they might say or do to her—she would go. She would tell the truth, and the whole truth—how a Jew had spoken to her; how a Jew had asked her for water; how He had revealed herself to herself; how He unfolded the secret pages of her dark life, and convinced her—Jew that He was, notwithstanding—that He was none other than the Prince of Israel, the Bright and Morning Star. And she left her water-pots! Courageous woman! Noble soul!

Have you seen Christ? Has He given you any message for "the men of the city"? Has He entered your life? Has He revealed yourself to

yourself, put His hand upon your sins and washed them away? Do you see any beauty in Him? Do you believe in the triumph of His Kingdom? Do you feel that you can do something for Him? If so, do you carry by the water-pots, or have you left them?

Business holds you tight, does it? There is a prospect of a comfortable life? The failure of others, the poor example or some engaged spreading the Kingdom, or the difficulties and dangers which loom before you, as you try to measure the strength of the enemy that will oppose you—do these or other things prevent you from offering yourself to your Saviour? Consider for a moment. Suppose you stand by the job, suppose you realise your prospect—who will be the chief gainer?

Oh, if your Master has spoken to you, and you see, say in the ranks of the Army, as an Officer, that you may convince a city that Christ is God, and can save a multitude from their sins, you will bless the world, and make for yourself and your King a fortune and a position that will never fade. Leave the water-pots, and apply for officer-ship in the Salvation Army!

Youthful Bandsman's Beginning.

Got a Tumble in the Mud.

I had been asked by the Bandmaster to take a brass instrument to learn, and consented to do so. In a few weeks I was able to play fairly well at the practice, and then came the time for me to make my first appearance in public. I marched out, therefore, with the band one day. The drummer gave three beats, and everyone started playing but me. I was caught unprepared. I soon got ready, however, but no sooner had I put the mouthpiece to my mouth than I was hurled violently to the ground, and a horse and rig passed over me. I was not seriously injured, and beyond a few bruises, was none the worse for my tumble. The instrument came off badly, however, and for a time was rendered useless. My first words on

glad to do so, and believe it will be a help and blessing especially in our Grace Hospital work, where we have, I am thankful to say, many genuine cases of conversion. Amongst the prisoners, I regret to say, our work is not so encouraging, although a meeting rarely passes without requests for our prayers and promises to do better. It is sad to see the same women returning time and again for the same offence.

"When the Praying League first was organized, it occurred to me that it would be just a lovely way for old comrades (who had left the City for the country and small towns where there is no S.A.) keeping in touch with the Army, especially if, in connection with the membership, there were some special inducement to subscribe yearly for the War Cry. I wrote to several old soldiers and told them about the League, and they all expressed a wish to join. I gave their names to Mrs. Burditt, and occasion-

scrambling to my feet, I then marched with the others to the open-air meeting, where I saw God that matters were not wasted. C. C. Percy Fitzpatrick.

TRAMP TWENTY YEARS.

Child's Reproof Which Led to Wanderer's Conversion.

The "Siege" which Commander Eva Booth, Commissioner George Kilbey, and our American comrades have during the past few weeks been making upon the strongholds of sin in the United States has now concluded. In every section of Army endeavor most gratifying advances have been made and many souls have been won for God.

The following particulars of a convert in Springfield, Ohio, give an idea of the remarkable conversions brought about by the "Siege."

The man in question, Brady by name, had spent twenty-two years of his life as a drunkard, tramping from city to city, making just enough to keep him in drink and a place to sleep, even going with no more than a bowl of soup, stew, or a "hand out" as it is called by these floating people. He was rescued through the efforts of a twelve-year old girl, the daughter of Envoys and Mrs. Reed, Officers in charge of the Army Hotel at Springfield.

This man had been staying in the Hotel for a long time, and seeing the little girl so much she always reproved him and in her child-like way tried to persuade him not to drink. This was more than he could stand, and for three nights he could not sleep, nor did many others near him.

For three days after his conversion he was confined to the hotel through sickness, due to such a sudden change in his life, and for a while it looked as though it would prove dangerous, yet he was determined at whatever cost never to touch that which had caused him so much sorrow and crime. Brady is now in the Industrial Home, where he will be under Army influences and have steady employment.—American War Cry.

The Army's Anti-Suicide Campaign has reached Denmark, and Acting-Commissioner Swinton anticipates good results from this effort in the near future. The police are actively co-operating, and have supplied the Commissioner with the information that in Copenhagen alone about 300 people commit suicide yearly.

ally I sent them a Cry.

"Perhaps you will remember Brother and Sister Joseph Smith. They are leaving Winnipeg for Summerville, B.C., next week. They gave me their names and the fee and want the War Cry weekly, and I am sure they will be faithful to the pledge.

"You might send me a few pledge cards for our converts at Grace Hospital. I am thankful to know of the many instances where the Praying League has been a help and blessing. Personally, I feel that no true Christian could let a day pass without working and praying for the 'coming of the Kingdom.' I like those words in the hymn:

"Let all who look for, hasten in, coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration to walk the narrow way; etc.

Now, dear Mrs. Johnston, you may depend on me doing what I can in this matter, also the other members of the League of Mercy."

The General in Yokohama.

HOW THE JAPANESE GREETED OUR LEADER.

By our Special Commissioner.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is a piece of great descriptive writing. Commissioner Nicol went forth for to see, and very little escaped his eye. He has captured the form, color and feeling of a great historic event. He has also heard everything worth hearing connected with the General in the Far East, and the result is one of the most interesting articles that has ever appeared in our columns.

IT was on Monday morning, the 15th of April, that the General, standing on the upper deck of the Minnesota, by aid of the telescope, got the first glimpse of the Land of the Rising Sun. It was but he would be more than elated who could not experience a deep throbbing of emotion at the sight of Japan for the first time. It gave that touch to some of us at least that brought a thousand pent-up anticipations near realization, and, if pat in relation to the events that drew our leader to his shores, then it was of real significance.

The passengers, clad in summer attire, leaned over the ship's rail, peered through their glasses, and, for a moment or two, spoke scarcely a word. What capacity Americans possess for submerging their soul in the object that immediately commands their attention! When at length they voiced their feelings, it was with no uncertain sound. The General alone seemed, but only seemed, unmoved among the crowd. Colonel Higgins caught a camera shot of our leader trying to trace the shadowy outline on the horizon, and when he lowered the telescope, he said, with a gravity that readers of the War Cry will understand: "It is not the land I am concerned about, it is the people, and what I am to do for them"—the same old gospel of practical benevolence, inspired by the Spirit of Him who wept, not so much over the material failures of men and nations, as their higher and eternal needs. The General's heart was moved. There are moments when it is best not to speak, even to your dearest friend, moments when their spirits are in communion with the Divine in them or in their lives. What was the General now thinking of? For the deepened lines on his face, and half wearied, sorrowful eyes denoted a great soul lost in the region of thought. Was he counting again the links in his life, that have been forged in the furnace of trial, and which have formed a holy chain that has griddled the world; or contrasting the Meadow Flats of Nottingham with the Mile End Waste of London; or thinking of the triumphant partner of his soul, who lived to see the Army rise like a sun whose beams would bless the world, wishing that she might now stand by his side and feast on the prospects of further conquests for their Lord; or the Highway, that was opened forty-one years ago in the heart of London's busy crowd and had extended as far as this new Britain in the Far East? Or was he lost in adoration before the Throne of Him who had called him to be a Moses to the sons of men? We did not disturb the communion; it is our duty to note it and lift up our hearts to God in thanksgiving for the mercy that He has vouchsafed to His servant.

Sea and Land.

It was a morning rich in Nature's blessings. The Gulf of Tokyo was as peaceful as a Swiss lake. But for the suggestion of a haze, the sky was like a dome of azure blue. The atmosphere was of that mildness that makes one feel that life is without discomfort. The Minnesota, as if eager to hug the land and gratify the souls' desire of those

whom she had carried, put on her full strength, and within an hour we were cruising through fleets of quaint fishing boats, passing high volcanic-like coast lines dotted with tiny bays, coves and grey-lined villages. As the gulf narrowed and the Minnesota came within sight of the Yokohama boundary, modern and ancient Japan was illustrated by miniature shrines temples on the land and massive forts, with screened cannon, and steamers plying seawards and portwards.

Skiffs and ferries, with square sails, masts and booms as old as the man who is credited with being the father of Japan's navy; chimney columns as large as any to be seen in Lancashire, man-of-war serenely moored in what appeared a deep inlet of the gulf, East and West, in short, in close grip. And the final sail was not without its touch of tragedy. All glasses were turned towards one mournful-looking fishing village, in front of which huge arms projected from the sea—all that will ever be seen of the Minnesota's sister, the mighty Dakota, that a few weeks ago, by some stupid blunder or act of recklessness, struck a hidden rock and in a few moments became a total wreck! Natives waved and shouted to the ship to turn back, but the signals were misunderstood. It was just on such a day as this, with the sun ruling its beams upon the passengers all gay with life and hope, that the proudest of America's mercantile ships disappeared. Our Chinaman, when shown the masts, raised his eyebrows and grinningly exclaimed: "Captive—he died?" When told "No, Westerners did not commit suicide as a rule when misfortune befall them," John said, again pointing to the masts: "He ought opium take; no brave man"—a side light, by the way, on the Oriental's idea of suicide that I pass on for Colonel Unsworth's philosophic study.

In Yokohama Harbour.

At length we slowed down off the mooring grounds of Yokohama Harbor, as the sun dipped behind the great Fuji Mountain and shot up a dazzling combination of pink and yellow hues. Then, twilight being but a flicker, we were soon left in company with the weird shadows of ocean geyhounds and whale-back-looking launches, hissing here and there in the harbor, with the dim lights of the Bluff or Crown of Yokohama in the background—signs that the General would not land that night. We would rather, of course, greet Japan and see its cherry-blossomed gardens in the daylight, and so there was no keen disappointment.

But the General was not to be allowed to spend his first night in Japanese waters without an exhilarating tonic. While he and his staff were waiting in the Dining Saloon to answer to our names and pass under the searching eye of the Quarantine Doctor. A sudden rush of strangers was heard on the main staircase. A peep and we saw that they were Army's, Oyamas, Togos and Kurokis of Japan, and as soon as the tedious formality was at an end the General smartly walked to his cabin, and behold, Commissioner Bailton, in a small red-tasseled cap, with rod-badge, bearing the words in Chinese characters: "The Saviour of the World Army."

China, we soon learned, was written with other pen and ink on his heart. Colonel Bullard, with a Japanese bow, welcomed the General to the Empire, his staff, his soldiers, and, without a doubt, the good-will of all classes.

Soulful Looks.

Then Brigadier Duce, Major Yamamoto, Major Erickson, Staff Captain and Mrs. Orr, and last, but by no means least, Japanized Colonel Lawley, with a face like a full moon, performed the graceful courtesy, squatted themselves on their haunches and lapsed into the silence that overtakes us at moments when the soul longs for new words in which to speak. Two Japanese Salvationists, somehow, had managed to smuggle into the sacred chamber, and their faces afforded the first study of that veneration for old age which is so conspicuous a trait of their national character. Their looks were full of soul. The General caught their gaze and the silence was broken. He spoke as he always speaks on occasions like these—of thanks, of hopes, of fears of anxiety that the best, the very, very best may be made of opportunities, and then, looking into the faces of the company with fatherly pleasure, he, too, paused.

It was then the Japanized Colonel's turn to tell us: "The nation is up, General, seventy editors will meet you on Wednesday in the Capital. The Customs will pass yours and your Staff's luggage without examination, simply as an act of courtesy. The head of the Civic Committee of Yokohama is here to bid you welcome. The Governor of the Province will send his daughter to greet you in his unavoidable absence to-morrow. Daylight fireworks will be let off to inform the rest of your entry. The proprietor of the Club Hotel will entertain you and your Staff as his guests—and—and—"

"All is arranged for the Nobles' and authorities' and students' meetings," interjected Colonel Bullard.

"And—"

We might have listened to another hour about this or that other feature of what we were told was to be a national ovation but the General's practical nature suggested to him that all this and more called for the decision, the reconsideration and thoughtful attention to his briefs, and, with a parting blessing and courtesy upon courtesy to the Harbor Master's representatives and half a dozen other officials, the General was left to his Secretary and his cabin and his thoughts, and the Japan Staff mingled with the General's Staff, and once more East and West, hand in hand and heart in heart, praised God for the past and talked of their dreams and schemes for the future, and then some went for the shore and others to take their bearings. For it was difficult for them to realize that they were at last within the dominions of one of the oldest Empires in the world.

Fireworks.

The spirit of cordiality among the European section of Yokohama toward the event was typified in a distinctly original and enterprising salute in the form of daylight fireworks, let off from a launch in the harbor, and which com-

prised the following startling programme:

- 1.—A Welcome Salute.
- 2.—A Welcome Salute.
- 3.—A Welcome Salute.
- 4.—Union Jack and Rising Sun.
- 5.—The British Lion.
- 6.—S.S. Minnesota.
- 7.—General Booth.
- 8.—The Salvation Army Flag.
- 9.—Welcome Flag.
- 10.—S. A. Soldier in Uniform.
- 11.—Hallelujah in Japanese Character.
- 12.—An Indian Elephant.
- 13.—Ancient Hero in ancient armour.
- 14.—A Princess in ancient costume.
- 15.—A Gold Fish.
- 16.—A Japanese Temperance Crest.
- 17.—The Dove of the Holy Spirit.
- 18.—Lanterns with Alliance Flags.

The curious display in the air greatly interested the foreigners in port, our ocean passengers and Japanese fisher lads, who, as soon as the 'British Lion,' for instance, unfurled into shape in mid-air, rowed to the spot where it would probably fall, boat-hooked and landed it on board their skiff as a trophy of the historic proceedings. It was really great fun. Once or twice the General scanned the rockets rise, explode and emerge into mysterious form. He has seen many a departure in the method of doing things in his days and been responsible for introducing a few himself, but this had the merit of being a trifle novel, fireworks by day, but then Salvationists are equal to fireworks or works kindled by the fire of holy love in sunshine or in shade—any time and under any circumstances.

The Scene of Landing.

The actual landing was attended with a pomp and ceremony, as well as marked, by an enthusiasm which delighted the Japanese themselves, and, no mistake, deeply affected the General.

The fine launch of the C. P. R., flying at its bow the Blood and Fire Ensign, which the General unfurled on the Hill of Calvary two years ago, was freely placed at the disposal of the Army. The parting from the Minnesota was formal. The General, with the good luck of its Captain, descended the long gangway, was led on board the launch, escorted to the state room, introduced to the entire staff, who had come down from Tokyo, and then the sequel simply pulsated with human pathos, animation and those artistic graces of our friends which at first, at any rate, captivate the Western mind. We rushed over the harbor, observing people here and there from the decks of barges, sampans and foreign launches salute the flag. The General was too intent, however, with his Staff to note these sightlings, and when I looked inside the state room, Commissioner Bailton was on his knees. I was called upon to follow, and then the General, for the thousandth time, commended himself and the issues of this great campaign to the Almighty God.

A Vision—Amazing.

It was a vision that not the General when he stepped out of the State Room. The Western Hatoba, or pier, was in complete possession of us striking an Oriental display as ever greeted a dis-

tinguished visitor. Britishers love a procession, and with their music and banners can awaken the martial spirit in the most sluggish natures, but frankly, we ought to pay tribute to the Japanese and take out the proverbial wrinkle from their book of custom in the way of banners. Imagine two or three scores of poles fifteen feet high, to which are affixed colors of varied hues, two feet wide by ten feet long, held taut to the staves by stiff cotton stangs, and then picture in your mind these giant banners waving in the bright morning air, dancing, crossing each other, and, like the masts of vessels, all bedagged in a crowded dock, and you have the spectacular element, which startled the General himself, accustomed though he be to kindred expressions of public feeling. Then add to your conception of this scene the living counterpart of Japanese life depicted in the illustrations with which we were made familiar during the late war in the British periodicals, and crown all with thousands of smiling faces and speaking eyes, and you have got as near as I can convey it in the rush to catch the mail—the Matsuba of Yokohama at 10 a.m. on the 16th of April. It was a festive sight, Colonel Higgins expressing the prevailing pleasure of the strangers in one word—"Amazing!"

But, of course, to the General these are but the trimmings on the royal blue to the affair, a glimpse, and the war spirit in him becomes restless. What next?

General Booth—Banzai.

He steps off the launch, circles his hat above the snow-white head, dearer to the Japanese as an object of reverence than to any nation on the face of the earth, and the Matsuba rings with: "General Booth—banzai! banzai! banzai!" and those long-haired staffs with the many devices sway in a galaxy of interminable color and confusion.

Then follow the formalities—introductions to Mr. Mitsushashi, the Mayor, dressed in perfect harmony with West End notions, Messrs. C. V. Sale, President of the Board of Trade, Consul-General Millar, a crowd of city officials, missionaries, etc., and, perforce, the staccato of photographers on all flanks.

Then, dear to the Japanese order of things, the General was invited to receive the compliments of a truly beautiful trio. First, the Governor's daughter, who had come to represent the highest official of the city and the province, Miss Sufu. This young lady was a picture—a study in what experts would call the art of poetry in human attire. With a polite courtesy she handed a bouquet of flowers, enriched with a profusion of cherry blossom, and whispered the word "Welcome!" With stately gallantry of manner the General became Japanese in his bow, and then smilingly turned to a dusky little junior, who held in her tiny hand another bouquet. Her mother, wearing the welcome badge, also handed a bouquet, and there was more bowing, more smiling, more banzailing! and again and again more swaying of the dazzling banners, and then a final banzai, and the General stepped along the stage that connects the pier with the launch, entered the Mayor's carriage, which was loaded with evergreens, and then, without delay, friends, civic authorities, soldiers, officers and our one great Japanese brass band moved in processionally form to the Club Hotel. The route introduced us to the life and characteristics of the Japanese as they are to be seen in the streets; but the lively march was too crowded to take note except to smile back again to the smiles of hundreds of men, women, children, young men, students and the inevitable

A Mayor's Address.

The General, to the intense pleasure, it was evident of all, stood in the carriage nearly all the way, and when he descended, accompanied by the Mayor and the Governor's daughter, presented himself on the first verandah of the hotel—gaily decorated—another ringing banzai drew the immense crowd into one solid mass around the entrance.

The scene at once was enchanting. There lay the mighty harbor, covered with men-of-war and merchandise, as our feet a promenade, glittering with life and radiant in the sun; all around us, people, speaking many tongues and professing many religions, united in one of the strongest sentiments that can stir the souls of men, reverence and affection for noble service, unselfish character and honored age.

There were speeches, of course, and I cannot do better than let these absolutely speak for themselves.

Addressing the General, the Mayor said: General Booth, on behalf of myself and the residents of Yokohama, I beg to offer you the most hearty welcome. We are all aware of the good and noble work that you and your Army are doing, and we have no doubt whatever that your personal visit to these shores will have the effect of still further extending and developing the good work you have started and so far carried on so successfully. I hope that your stay in this Empire may be pleasant and enjoyable to you, and that it will be as surely of benefit to the objects and institutions. We again extend to you a most hearty welcome, in which Miss Sufu, daughter of the Governor of this Prefecture, joins. (Loud applause and "Banzai!")

The General's Reply.

General Booth, on rising, was received with cries of "God bless the General!" and loud applause. He said: Mr. Mayor, my lady, gentlemen, and friends—I thank you for this kind reception. I thank you for the kind words you have uttered to me, and the warm welcome towards the institutions which I represent. With you I am hoping that my visit to this Empire will be agreeable, that it will give me pleasure, and I am willing to believe that it will be so. It gives me pleasure to visit your distinguished country; it gives me pleasure to see and visit my own people, and to hear of the good work they have been doing for the welfare and happiness of the Empire. It gives me pleasure to visit the people of Japan, but it would give me the greatest pleasure if my visit promoted in any shape or form the welfare of this great nation. It is well known that that is the business of my life. Long years ago I gave up living to please myself, and devoted myself to the helping and blessing of other people, especially of that portion of the world who have been led into evil ways—to wipe away the tears from the eyes that weep, and to heal the wounds of the hearts that bleed. To bless the women and children and to help forward the happiness of mankind is the great business of my life. I hope, Mr. Mayor, the business will be promoted by this visit. I thank you for the welcome you have been pleased to give me, and I hope this lady (Miss Sufu) will convey to her father a return of the compliments she brings to me. I am the friend of authority, the friend of good government, the friend of the people, and I desire to promote their happiness on earth and their entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. May God bless Yokohama! (cries of "Amen"). May God bless this great Empire! ("Amen"), and "Banzai!", and may the blessing of God be upon us all gathered here this morning. (Applause and cries of "Amen!")

There followed right on till late in the evening a stream of callers, the Governor with his staff, and a score of editors and reporters, each one irresistibly appealing for an autograph message for their paper, who would not wait till the General's arrival in Tokyo. I must quote one of these autographs, and commend it to our editorial department.

"Make your publication a restful, inspiring, and cheering advocate of all that concerns the present and eternal well-being of the people."

And these were not all. For the Japanese, as is well known, consider it something akin to sacred homage to call and leave at least their card as a mark of respect, and to describe the scenes at the Club Hotel would soon trespass upon the last inch of space at my disposal. I will therefore leave the General on the second verandah, snatching a few minutes' quiet, to feast on the panorama below, men and women in their quaint garb gathering-sew and shellfish on the beach, students leisurely going to and fro, and the never-ending object of interest, boys and girls acting as nurses to their baby jammers, slung to their backs in a way that suggest the most natural and perfect cradle.

"What do you think of it?" I asked. "One of the most wonderful things in this most wonderful day is that the proprietor of this hotel should open his doors freely to the General out of love for him because a dissipated nephew of his in England was reclaimed by the Army! This is a romance—truth is stranger than fiction."

Au Revoir, Yokohama!

Though the General was but a guest of Yokohama for twenty-four hours, and was supposed to spend that time in privacy, Yokohama would not let the event pass without bestowing its mite, and the way it did, and which, I reported last week, its pleasure therewith. The City's Committee took matters entirely out of our hands, decorated his rooms with cherry blossom, called upon him at different intervals during the day, while other people deposited their cards by the score.

The press people were in evidence, insisted upon an interview, and came out with supplements and long articles. Photographers did a brisk trade in post-card reproductions of the reception at Matsuba, and the picturesque ceremony at the Club Hotel. One photographer worked for twenty-four hours without sleep, a thing he had done when the British fleet and a Russian fleet upon his resources. The editor of the Japan Gazette informed me that his work came to a standstill for two or three hours owing to one-half of his staff being Salvationists. "Who could keep them away from their General?" he asked. The people were, in short, in love with their visitor, and the parade in front of the hotel.

As the General is down to re-visit this gateway to the Capital—for it is only twenty miles from Tokyo—there was no attempt at a special send-off. But the vigorous committee had their own way, and to the General's surprise, the parade at the hour of parting was lined with friends, the carriage was again decorated, and the committee, with their ladies and gentlemen, the smiling girls and kimonoes in as many colors as there are in the rainbow, were in command. The Governor of the Prison bicycled down in his uniform—the Japanese combine utility with dignity—to escort the party to the station. In short, so numerous were the company that Colonel Bullard found it into an advance guard and sent ahead their colors aloft, to prepare the way.

The Brotherhood of Man.

After saluting and bowing in the Japanese mode, the General stepped lightly into his carriage, stood up, and then, turning round, bowed a right and then, as if by magical observation, into which, however, for one officer's car. That officer, I may say, was none other than Commissioner Bailton, who headed a line of six Staff Officers, all in rich shawls. I will not stop here to dilate upon the joys and sorrows or the advantages and disadvantages of the rich shawl. That is for another chapter. Suffice it that it is a companion of one woman, two-wheeled carriage, the motive power of which is supplied by a most intelligent pair of hands and feet. "Where is the brotherhood of man now, Commissioner?" asked the General chaffingly. I did not see the Commissioner's face, but I guess he pointed to a poor woman coming along, one with a parcel of green groceries.

The General was in a mass. The crowd, the color, the character of the whole thing took him unawares. We were in the midst of friends he must have known since he was a dot the size of the one whose head he patted and kissed—at least, that is what one would think who was unaware of the fact that he had only a few feet, or even twenty-four hours in the city. When he entered the colon carriage, and by that do not imagine the ponderous article in the old country, but a plain, dainty arrangement,

the General had to face a crowd that had invaded the station and the Royal train's manner cannot be beaten.

When the train moved it moved, and the crowd banzai, and a photograph with the three-legged parakeets, the most came to get a photograph.

"What does it all mean?" asked the General, taking a fond look at the city with its 350,000 souls, and their land and bay and spacious banking houses and the Temple of Darjingu. "G. O. D." replied the Japanese Colonel Lawry, "Heaven in big capital letters."

The Ride to the Capital.

This ride is new. It is the first to the first study of Japanese agriculture, agricultural life, not quite typical, however, as the soil is not quite the same fertility, and is as flat as the floor of Holland. The physical character is not unlike a patch of the Netherlands, with the farmhouses and canals, and other aspects, I have seen before in well cultivated in civilized countries. Here are no hedgerows—lay out space intended to be productive, and is little tending; the land is primarily devoted to rice, barley and wheat growing. Stock-raising has not yet been formalized the Japanese farmer, and this is not a cultivated area, but a north between Yokohama and Tokyo, the train moved out of Kanagawa, the first station after leaving Yokohama, and the General saw what he considered the plan for the land carried out, and he sparkled with pleasure, and as he moved over to the T. C. and plied him with more questions than perhaps he cared to listen to, I saw that Colonel Higgins was brief in his hand, and was so hungry at the opportunity for his words on route, I slipping away from him. I was compensated, however, by receiving the information that the fellows who work on the flat can earn dollars a month and grow rice on the stool on it.

The art of cooking rice was a topic that specially interested the General, as I looked at two men in a field and their knees in water, extracting the last season's rice stump, which the Japs use as manure. I confess to have tempted to forsake once and for all my habits of my forefathers and to live the life simple. But then, when we are these people who thrive on the parting from it. They are making men use of bread and beef, and yet they were rice as food, and more than all, the taste for our beer is among the poor people. Alas! for the influence of the foreigner.

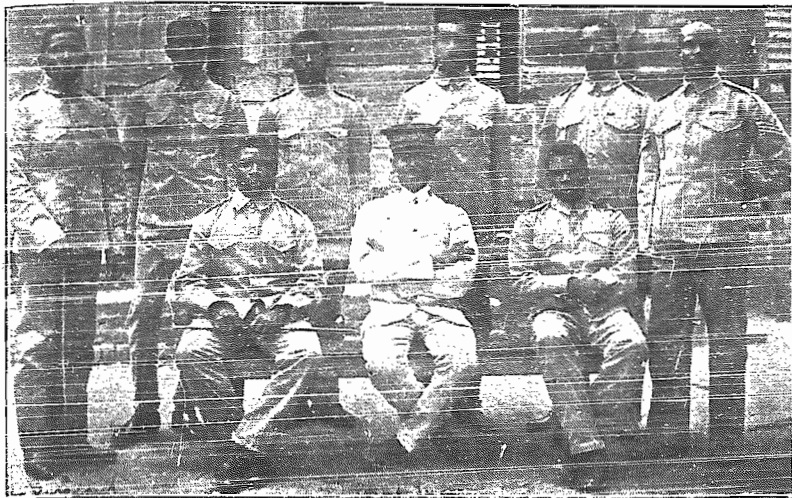
In Tokyo Bay.

The ride also revealed the shrewd Western ideas and methods are making. The railway tickets are printed in English and on the other side in Japanese. Along the track Japanese homes were being built to Western plans. Several factories and cotton mills were in course of erection, and, although peach groves and orchards were abundant, peach groves and orchards were abundant, and the factories are not the golden homes and blessings to men, would rather not see them in a way that has raised a people without that is to day the wonder of the world. Two women are on the side of the progress. The perambulator is a vehicle on the street, and for centuries has been a place on the back of a mother or brother or sister, it was used to preach conservatism. Yet, without the motor, and practically on the street car, is a city of silence. The city to which we have come is one of perpetual motion.

But a trace to generalization. For the Tokyo Bay, with its arms of the sea, encircling it for as large as Denmark, is a few years ago a bare island, and today is a city that is well as have temples equal to any in the world as well as universities. Here is a city being rebuilt, not in a new way, exactly, if Oxford or New York were not, but in harmony with the old Japanese. Frankly that as soon as we tell you that and paid for all that require from the West, will be done, it, but in no unfriendly spirit, cannot resist the reasoning. "Why should British men and ships if we can make men and men out of our boys, and regard to industry, government, unhesitatingly add religion."

To be continued.

SOME WEST INDIAN MILITARY LEAGUERS.



League-Sergt. Lance Corporal Bishop.

Captain Trotman.

For God and the Empire.

Naval and Military League Work.

The following letter has reached us from Jamaica, and gives some interesting particulars of the work going on amongst the native soldiers —

"The Leaguers of the Salvation Army are a jolly lot of men, and none are more so than those of the West India Regiment, whose headquarters are in Jamaica, West Indies. For real salvation fighting qualities they are hard to beat, and whether it be in the West Coast of Africa, other foreign stations or at home, they can always be reckoned on for loyalty to the blood-and-bone flag.

"The Kingston contingent are attached to the No. III. Corps in that city, and are a valuable assistance to that Corps and its officers. Their late Sergeant (Lance-Sergeant Stone) has just completed his term of service and retired, leaving Jamaica recently for Canada, where we feel sure he will do good service in whatever corps he settles.

"The new Sergeant appointed is Lance-Corporal Bishop, who has seen service in Sierra Leone and Bermuda, and is a thorough-going, jovial, red-hot Salvationist.

"Our Major (Clifford), who is the General Secretary for the Army in the West Indies, takes a great interest in our work, and has performed quite a number of weddings for our Leaguer comrades. He has three or four in hand for this month. The Major was to have been with us when some of our number were photographed recently, but was unfortunately prevented.

"Captain Trotman, our Corps officer, gives us splendid help and encouragement. — A Leaguer."

How to Sell War Crys.

Adapt Yourself to Circumstances.

Whilst Benjamin Golding, of Brantford, was out War Cry selling one day, he was hailed by a man who was busy repairing a telephone break on the top of a very high post.

"I'll buy one of your papers," said the man, "on the condition that you bring it up to me." No doubt he thought he would have a joke with the bowyer, but Brother Golding took

him at his word, and at once started to climb up the pole. An interested crowd soon gathered to see the Salvationist going hand over hand towards his prospective customer. He sold him the paper, and went on his way rejoicing.

Salvation Army in Italy.

A Baroness takes up a collection.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Peyron has been holding meetings in some of the chief centres in Italy, with encouraging results. At Florence there were two successful gatherings, one in the Aula Magna of the Wyndensian Faculty of Theology, where Mrs. Peyron had a capital audience, including all the professors and students. The oldest professor presided, and highly eulogised the Army's work among fallen women. Great interest was shown in our desire to establish something practical in the way of Rescue work in Italy. The second meeting was held in the fine hall of the Royal Hospital, let for the first occasion for a non-Catholic gathering. The audience was mainly composed of Catholics and

Jews of the upper class, most of whom had not previously met the Army. Their hearts were touched, and they demonstrated most warmly their approval of our plans. A condition (unknown to Mrs. Peyron at the time) of the lending of the hall had been that no collection would be made, but at the close of the meeting a German Baroness voluntarily went to the door and took up an offering, while the chairman undertook to do his best towards raising funds for a future Army Home in the town. Florence has already shown its sympathy by annual premises and gifts, and some who formerly were bitterly opposed to the Army were amongst those who invited Mrs. Peyron to their homes and promised help. The officers of the Corps were greatly cheered by these meetings.

At Milan, the daughter of the Swiss Consul, who is at the head of nearly all the feminine efforts in the city, is organizing a meeting in aid of the Army's Rescue work.

Southern Wyoming has had a snow-storm lasting 24 days, and the snow now lies on the levels seven feet deep.

Prison Work in Cape Town.

Praying with a Murderer.

The Army's prison work at Cape Town is becoming increasingly interesting and important. Efforts for the salvation and encouragement of the prisoners are not confined to the central gaol, but the outlying prisons are regularly visited. One of these is situated high up in the mountain known as "The Devil's Peak." Until the Army began meetings at this place no spiritual effort was put forth for the benefit of the men, who are mainly employed in planting vines all along the mountain sides. Major Robertson has here kept up a regular service for 'two years, and it is not easy to measure the harvest of such sowing.

At a recent visit to the Roeland St. Prison, Major Robertson was accompanied by Major Smith, the Army's Zululand veteran, whose knowledge of the native language proved very useful when they entered the condemned cell, where lay a native under sentence of death. Major Smith talked with him in his own language, read to him, and prayed with him. He appreciated very much the gospel message in his own tongue, and pleaded with the Major to come back again.

A Corps Cadets' Dance.

The Temple Corps Cadets had a nice time on Wednesday night. Under the leadership of Captain Heberden, the Corps Cadet Guardian, a bright meeting was held in the Jubilee Hall. C.C. Lizzie Hanson gave a fine recitation, and Violet Henderson sang nicely "Oh what a change!" There were many other solos and some music, but best of all two souls came to the mercy-seat. One was a young girl, and the other a woman. They finished up with a war dance round the hall.

FAITH REWARDED.

Ten Souls Return to God.

We had another blessed time of rejoicing and victory at Bonavista on Sunday. "Lord, we believe," was on the lips of the soldiers, and God did not disappoint their faith. There was much apparent conviction in the afternoon, but no visible surrenders. At night the building was simply packed with people, and ten precious souls returned to God. — E. Walsh.



Work-a-day Group of Italian Officers and Soldiers of Ariano Corps.

Easter and Eggs in Alaska.

VISITING THE INDIAN FISHER FOLK.

By Le Timide Petit Garçon



APTAIN, you will be sure and come down?"

This was the question I was asked by each comrade as he left for the hunting or logging

camp.

Every spring the natives make Fish Egg Island their rendezvous, where they gather the fish eggs and renew old acquaintances. As there would be no one at home, I made up my mind to follow them and get acquainted with the Klawack comrades, and do my best to encourage them in the way they should go, also to learn the conditions in that locality. About every other mail or so I get a letter saying "we are hungry for an officer," so this was

good shape, so much that my stomach began to rebel, therefore I spent most of the time in the hold, where I did not feel the motion of the ship so much. The weather was cold but fine, and the wind would chaff our faces some. The natives do not mind that. They rub a little tallow on their faces and hands, and seem to enjoy it if anything.

About three o'clock on Monday afternoon I was told that if I would step in front of the sail I would be able to see the village and, on doing so, I was surprised to see about fifteen smoke-houses and a number of tents near the beach, also two much longer than the others, one of which was the meeting house for the Army.

for the Hydahs.

Early the next morning nearly everyone was making preparation to leave, as they wished to get away as soon as possible. I was soon on board a sloop bound for Klawack, where I was packed ashore on a boy's back, and was offered billets galore.

At Klawack I found an officer's quarters, partly furnished, and good-sized barracks, also twelve instruments, which is a good start for the band, but they have no one to lead or teach them. (Some consecrated bandman please take the hint).

While at Fish Egg Island we held meetings five nights a-week and twice on Sundays, and soul-stirring meetings they were. It would have done you good to hear the testimonies. One comrade said—"I feel like the water falling down the mountain, and, like the stream, I am going to grow larger and stronger as I go along." (water does not backslide in this country, as the mountains are too steep).

While at Fish Egg Island, on

Giance at the World.

CANADIAN.

The entire business section of Finch, Ont., has been destroyed by fire.

Italian fruit vendors in Winnipeg have promised to boycott all the wholesale houses which refuse to petition the Provincial Government to allow them to keep open on Sunday.

The Bell Telephone System in Montreal, according to the testimony of an expert at the Railway Commission yesterday, has grown more in the last four years than in all the previous twenty-three.

Two fishing schooners which left Halifax on April 3 last, for the Grand Banks, have not been heard of since. Forty men were on board, and they leave bereft in St. Pierre forty women and over a hundred children.

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux says he has no intention of altering the recent new postal laws between Canada and the United States. Canada, he says, has far too long carried United States mails for almost nothing.

Spitting on the sidewalks or on the floors of depots, and other places of similar character will likely be an offence punishable by heavy fines, when the by-law prohibiting such filthy practices is submitted to the Winnipeg Council.

The latest story of clever rascality comes from St. John, N.B.: A discharged employee has robbed a farm during the past year of hundreds of dollars by canvassing for votes, and then coolly driving up to the farmhouse after six o'clock, opening the door, and taking whatever he wanted.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Sydney Olivier, the new Governor of Jamaica, has arrived at Kingston.

Disorders in India have spread to Madras, and the outlook is said to be serious.

Reports from Europe indicate a low yield of wheat in all countries except France.

General Baron Kuroki, the hero of the Yalu, was given a warm reception in New York.

In Lodz, Russia, forty-five mill officials and workmen were shot down by a Cossack patrol.

The Colonial Conference endorsed the proposal for an all-British mail route to Australia, via Canada.

The investigation into the recent plot against his life shows that the Czar's escape was a very narrow one.

Impatience is being expressed in China that Japan has not yet kept her promise of returning land taken during the war in Manchuria.

Terrorists in Warsaw, Poland, told up the office of the Vistula Railway, killed two men, wounded four, and got away with \$5,600.

Britain is acknowledging Germany's refusal to discuss at the Hague conference the question of disarmament, by ordering two new "Dreadnaughts" instead of one.

Judging from the detailed accounts just to hand, Commissioner Gulliver seems to have made a very successful tour upon the crowds which flocked to the recent week-end meetings at Victoria Colliery, in Australia, the scene of many early day conferences and persecutions at the hands of the "Gulliverites." Forty-one seekers were registered at the mercy-seat. The Commissioner is now campaigning in New Zealand.



Trawling For King Salmon in Alaska.

my opportunity to go and help them for a little while.

George Demerett, a friend, had just finished building the "Pearl," a nice sloop, and he proposed going down with her as soon as the mail-boat returned with a few necessary fittings, which were needed to complete the sloop's outfit.

The mail-boat was over-due—she should have been in on Wednesday but did not get around till Saturday morning, and this caused us to be a little late in getting away, but by noon we were under full sail for Fish Egg Island.

We had a good breeze down the bay, and as I stood on the deck waving good-bye to the deserted village, for we were the last to leave, I thought we would soon be there, but, upon rounding a point, we found the wind against us, and the channel too narrow to beat our way out, so we had to lay to for the night, and the next day we did not do much better, for, after running a few miles, it was blowing too strong, so we dropped our anchor to await a change, which we got in the morning. We got away with the wind at our back, and we rolled along in

Once on shore, I was taken captive by the Klawack comrades, as they considered me their guest while I was there, and they were very kind indeed, each one doing his best to make me comfortable. While I stayed at Fish Egg Island I lived in a smoke-house with my comrades, and rather enjoyed it, but for the smoke, which played the mischief with my eyes; but by spending as much time as possible out of doors, I managed to pull through in good shape.

The day the mail-boat arrived at Klawack I went down again in a sloop. A few days later I paid a visit to the Hydahs, who were camped on an island just behind us. This tribe were getting ready to trawl for the king salmon, which is very profitable, as they get sixty cents or more for each fish. To converse the Thlingets and Hydahs have to resort to the Chinook jargon, which the different tribes on the coast understand.

The day before we broke up camp we had a social, and after we had partaken of the refreshments provided, we had a short meeting, and I talked to them, with the help of two interpreters, one for the Thlingets and one

Easter Sunday, I enrolled twelve soldiers, and the next day dedicated eleven children to God and the Army. I am looking forward to another visit, as there are others that wish to be enrolled, and to publicly take their stand for God.

The fish eggs, which is a staple article of food, and very palatable, are deposited by the herring on anything soft, such as sea-weed, kelp and hemlock boughs. As soon as the herring begin to run, and their presence is known by the grey matter which gives the water a milky color, the natives place a large quantity of boughs in the water, and as soon as they are covered sufficient they are taken out and hung up to dry, and if taken care of and kept dry, will keep for a long time. To cook them you simply dip them in boiling water or fat. The natives use seal oil mostly, and eat them as you would rice.—Thomas Smith, Captain.

Montana ranchers, during the severe weather last winter, saved ranchers in South Alberta heavy loss by feeding hundreds of their cattle which drifted over the border.

Territorial Tit-Bits. Immigration Then and Now. More New Settlers.

Finland's Easter Appeal has been a great success. The target aimed at was 12,000 marks; the actual sum collected is 14,750 marks. Lieut.-Colonel Howard reports that the officers worked nobly throughout, and the people displayed remarkable sympathy.

Some time ago, the tradesmen of Wellington, a small town in Cape Colony, formed a Commercial Association, which, however, has now ceased to exist. When the affairs of the Association were wound up, it was found that there was a balance in hand of \$20, and by a unanimous vote this sum was handed over to the Salvation Army Officers in the town, for the purpose of providing furniture for the quarters.

Brigadier Glover has obtained the authority of the Government of Barbados to conduct marriages on the island.

Although plague is still raging in many of the villages in the Gujarat and Western India Territory, our officers are sticking bravely to their posts and doing their utmost to alleviate pain and suffering. One officer, in a recent report to the T.C., says: "Daily five or six people die here of the plague, but I have not left the place. I am living to glorify Jesus. I pray with the sick, and am not idle a moment. I have meetings amongst the caste people also."

At a recent meeting, conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Yess Raiman at the English Corps at Madras, quite a number of native students were present, and took a deep interest in all that was said and done. At the close one of the men who came forward for salvation declared that he was the biggest sinner in India, and if all he said was true, he seemed to have a correct estimate of himself. He was the last to surrender, and was faithfully dealt with by the mercy-seat. He has since turned up regularly and testified.

The practice of holding Harvest Thank giving meetings has been well started in most of the Corps in the Telugu Territory, India. At one of the latest openings the people brought offerings of every description, including fowls, eggs, corn, etc. The special meetings recently held in Calcutta and Madras have been very successful.

Never Wearies of Christ.

What a Great Divine Says.

"We must preach the old Gospel still, and preach it to all men. Christ is the Prince and Christ is the Saviour of the human race. That is just as true to-day as ever it was. It is not for us to rescue either individual men or nations from the doubt, from the misery, from the confusion, or from the sin by which they are distracted and oppressed, but for Christ. I want to show that by preaching Christ we shall best discharge our duty to this troubled and restless age."

"We need not fear that the world is weary of hearing about Him. It wearies about everything else, but it never wearies of Christ. After the lapse of eighteen hundred years, He still exerts over foes and friends the same mysterious power which belonged to Him when He was on earth. Every attempt to tell the story of His life over again stirs the human heart as nothing else can stir it."—Dr. Dale.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The following editorial from The Toronto Globe on immigration is very sensible and suggestive—

"Not many years ago we were looking blankly at each other because immigration was distressingly slow. Now that it is flowing with a very full tide we are beginning to get alarmed and critical, and to wear a rather frowning aspect towards the agencies which have brought it about. A glance through the current report of the Department of the Interior conveys ideas of rushing prosperity and general well being in the West. A sentence here and there from the reports of the Government land agents at different points is worth extracting in proof of this. The agent at Alameda says:—

'So great has been the demand for homesteads that it was found necessary last year to survey a number of townships west of the Soo line, and homesteads are now being taken up as far west as Willow Bunch.' At Battleford:—'Ever since the opening of spring large numbers of settlers have been daily passing on the way to their homesteads. . . . The prosperity reported last year still continues.' At Brandon: 'The prosperity of the country is still increasing, and this will be one of the best years the country has experienced.' At Dauphin:—'Settlers have come to us in large numbers as homesteaders, as well as buyers of wild and improved lands, many transactions in sales having been carried through some at high values, \$19,000 having been paid for a half-section some three miles from Dauphin' At Edmonton:—'The active and successful immigration work of the past few years should be continued for years to come. More surveys are required. The great Peace River country and the Mackenzie River basin will prove to be the second last West.' At Lethbridge:—

'Settlement is reaching out in every direction, and one of the requirements to complete the settlement in the West is more railways.' At Minnedosa:—'A wave of prosperity is sweeping over the country, and many of the older settlers, who bravely faced the trials and privations incident to the early settlement of the country, are now reaping a rich and well-deserved reward.' At Prince Albert:—'The beautiful harvest of last year, together with the high prices ruling for wheat, has had its effect, and this, together with the large influx of desirable

settlers, and the vast sums expended by the different railway systems in pushing lines through the country, have given an impetus to all branches of trade beyond the hopes of the most sanguine.' At Red Deer:—'Since my last report this district has made prodigious progress in every respect. The influx of settlers has been largely in excess of any previous year.'

And so it goes on down the chapter. Now compare this with the tale which the same agents had to tell ten years ago. Take the report of the agent at the land office last quoted, Red Deer, for the year 1896:—'I regret to have to state,' he starts, 'that the immigration into this district during the fourteen months ending to-day has been very small, much smaller even than that of the corresponding period embraced in my last annual report.' His 'last annual report,' namely, that of 1895, was certainly not hilarious:—'I have the honor to report,' he says, 'that there has been a marked decline in immigration into the Red River district during the ten months of the departmental year just ended as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year.' With a very few exceptions this was the general story—decline instead of growth.

The whole history of the West teaches that immigration and prosperity are intimately connected not only in the West, but also in the East. The bustling times that prevail in these eastern Provinces are dependent to an enormous extent on the influx of immigration. When Mr. Bourassa, therefore, decries immigration he decries that which makes the workshops of Montreal and Toronto as busy as they are. Of course there will be some unsuitableness among the number of arrivals. The authorities do well to exercise as much care as possible in refusing admittance to those who are liable to become a burden. It would be the height of folly to become discouraged in the great work of colonization because a few undesirables slip in amongst the others. It was frequently stated in these columns during the years when the immigration figures were so unsatisfactory and discouraging that an indispensable condition of national well-being in this Dominion was the settlement of our empty lands. Now that that condition is being fulfilled we have the croakers and grumblers anticipating great evils and predicting disaster.

Farewell to Exeter Hall.

No more May Meetings in that Historic Building.

The Exeter Hall farewell meeting held under the Presidency of the Chief-of-the-Staff was one of the finest gatherings that has ever been held in that historic building under the Army's auspices, and fittingly terminated our association therewith. The place was packed long before the opening of the proceedings, and the enthusiasm was intense, especially during the reading of an affectionate message from the General. The Chief was at his best, and his address—in which he recounted incidents in connection with the Army's numerous gatherings in the hall during the past twenty years and more, and referred to the marvellous

outpourings of the Spirit from time to time during the progress of the meetings held on this notable battle-ground—was punctuated with hearty cheers and "Hallelujahs." Mrs Booth and many prominent officers, representative of our work both at home and abroad, were upon the platform, and assisted in the meeting, including the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, Commissioner and Mrs. Howard, Commissioner Oliphant, Commissioner Rees, Commissioner Cosgrave, Commissioner Sturgess, Commissioner Hay, etc. The final prayer meeting was splendidly fought out, and fifty-four souls were at the mercy-seat.

As Exeter Hall is now to be converted into other uses, the present May meetings will be the last of the series held therein, and will thus cease to exist as a religious centre.

Safe Arrival of the Southwark with 1,300 Immigrants.

The chartered S.S. Southwark has safely arrived in Canada after a voyage, a very pleasant voyage. There were 1,300 souls on board. The majority were destined for Ontario, and they reached Toronto in two detachments. They were met by Brigadier T. Hornell, Secretary of the Immigration Department, Adjutant Williams and other members of the staff.

Colonel Kyle, Staff-Capt. Creighton, and Adjutant Jennings were in charge of the party after leaving Liverpool, the port of embarkation; and of those that were seen by a "Globe" reporter on their arrival in Toronto, all spoke highly of the efforts of the Officers mentioned, in endeavoring to provide for their comfort.

On the arrival of the immigrants at the Union Station, they were quickly drafted to the excellent quarters at the two institutions for their reception which have been established under the management of the Salvation Army. The men and families went to the Salvation Inn, at the corner of Peter and Wellington Streets, and the unmarried women to the hotel on Yonge Street, which is an Army institution purely. The Inn on the other hand, is Provincial property, which has been handed over to the Army for management, and which has been admirably equipped by them for the purpose of affording to the immigrants brought out a resting place before they proceed to the situations which are round for them before their arrival.

In chats with a number of the immigrants, as to the reason of their leaving the Old Country, the answer to the question was invariably the scarcity of work in England and poor wages. All were full of hope as to the future, and expressed their willingness to engage in any sort of work. The greater part of the unmarried women were of the domestic, servant class, who are hoping to obtain similar employment in Canada. It speaks well of the work that the Salvation Army is doing in connection with immigration, that of yesterday's arrivals, fully one hundred were received by friends who had previously come out, and who had persuaded them, with the reports of their own success, to follow their example, while all had paid their own passages, and had a little money to carry them out. Except those who had friends in Toronto, all the members of the party left next day for their various destinations in the Province.

On the second train there were about 200 immigrants, and of these, over 150 were for Hamilton and points west.

A Great Send-Off.

Colonel Brengle in Norway.

Colonel Brengle had an amazing send-off at Stavanger, Norway, where he has conducted successful revival meetings. Two thousand people crowded the pier to bid him farewell. His welcome at Bergen was quite as enthusiastic. The hall was packed from door to platform with all classes of people, many of whom stood for two hours and gave the utmost attention. "When we pulled in the net," reports the Colonel, "we found we had much fish, but not sufficient room to land them, but managed to capture thirty-seven before the meeting closed. The prospects for Bergen are most excellent."

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas H. Coombe, Commandant of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 15 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address clearly. All communications relating to the contents of **THE WAR CRY**, contributions for publication in its pages, requests for copies, notices of absence, notices of subscription, notices of change of address, should be addressed to "THE EDITOR, S. A. TERRITORY, Toronto." All Clerical, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas H. Coombe.

Comments on Current Matters.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Our issue of last week contained the announcement that Sunday, June 9th, will be made the time for a special appeal for candidates for Salvation Army Officership. We sincerely trust that all those who possess the required gifts and graces will give the matter their immediate and most serious consideration. It was impossible to read the Commissioner's recent heart-stirring appeal without feeling that behind those words was a deep desire that they should be effective, and those who work in close proximity to the Commissioner know that it is so. Perhaps no one has a clearer conception of the great opportunities that await consecrated men and women than a Territorial Commissioner. In his journeyings through his command his is the eye that notes the rapidly rising communities, or the expanding borders of towns and cities long established; his is the mind that sees the spiritual leanness or otherwise of districts and communities; his is the eye that sees the fields white unto harvest and few to garner in the golden grain of human souls. Our own Commissioner's family is an example of how the reality of the vision has sunk into one man's soul. His entire family, two sons and two daughters, are engaged in this glorious work of spreading salvation. Parents, what about your children? Are you ready to offer them up a living sacrifice unto God's cause? If not, pray for grace to do so when the special appeal shall come on June 9th.

A BARREN VICTORY.

The victory of Longboat, the Indian runner, was hailed in Toronto with as much acclaim as if he had won a victory which decided the fate of nations. The sensible proposal was brought forward that the young man should be rewarded with an education, and public subscription lists were opened for that purpose, but up to the time of writing the results had not reached \$200, but, according to one journal that opened its columns, the subscriptions were not coming in fast enough to warrant the list being kept open longer. Such is fame! and such is the barren victory for that great exhibition of physical endurance shown on the race track. If the young man, and others like him, would exercise their powers in running the race to eternal life, with such energy and endurance as is manifested on the race track, the rewards will be far more substantial than the empty plaudits of the crowd.

FAITH AND WORKS.

A recommendation that a law be passed in New York State subjecting to prosecution on a charge of homicide all persons responsible for failure to provide proper medical attendance for children suffering from dangerous diseases, was made by a coroner's jury recently. The jury heard the evidence in the case of a girl four years old, who died without medical attendance

A Thousand Penitents !

THE GENERAL

ACHIEVES FRESH AND NOTABLE TRIUMPHS IN JAPAN.

360 Seekers at Osaka—Enthusiastic Public and Official Welcomes.

The General left Sendai on Tuesday, April 30th, for Yokohama. He conducted a meeting with a foreign community, and delivered a lecture on Thursday at which the Governor of the Province presided. At Nagoya on Friday he was given a public reception at the station, and afterward lectured in the Theatre. The Mayor of Nagoya presided at the reception, and the Governor of the Province at the lecture. The General spent Sunday, May 5th, at Osaka. — Osaka, we may mention, is termed "The Venice of Japan." It is a noted port, and has a population of over 500,000. It is from here that our Special Commissioner sends the following:—

OSAKA,

May 6th.

The welcome given to The General may be said to have been of a national character.

Not only did Government officials and public men of high standing take part, but the keenest interest of all parties was aroused in the visit.

The Reception is spoken of as having eclipsed anything of a similar kind on record.

All along the line of his journeyings The General has received ovations, and he has spoken from the carriage windows to crowds of people at the railway stations.

Even if we did take off a percentage for the novelty of The General's first visit, and contrast the warm receptions and enthusiastic greetings which he has received on all hands, with those accorded him in other parts of the world, these far exceed our Leader's own expectations.

At the same time, The General believes he is justified in accepting these marks of public personal esteem as proof of The Army's definite advance in this wonderful country.

Sunday's Salvation Campaign was of an extraordinary and triumphant character.

Conviction and contrition marked the afternoon attack. Tears flowed freely, and before the close two hundred and ten seekers had knelt at the mercy-seat.

The meeting at night is altogether indescribable, but it may best be judged by its glorious outcome—another one hundred and fifty seekers.

This brings the number of seekers thus far up to a thousand. To God be all the glory!

on May 4. The verdict also censured the father of the child, and charged him with criminal negligence.

According to the evidence, the child died of pneumonia. Her father testified that the treatment consisted of prayer. He said that before four other children of his died he called in physicians, but did so simply to comply with the law. He did not administer the medicines prescribed, as he thought nothing could serve better than prayer.

Now, the Salvationist yields to no one in a belief in the efficacy of prayer and a knowledge that the prayer of faith, in certain cases, can heal the sick. But no one has been more outspoken or more convincing and cogent in his reasons than the General to the effect that prayer should be accompanied by suitable means to accomplish the end of healing.

Our S.-D. target at Burk's Falls is smashed, and Captain Hayhoe and Lieutenant Andrews are rejoicing. We are also glad to report one soul at the mercy-seat.

Headquarters Notes

By I. C.

News has been received of the safe arrival in Quebec of the "Southwest." The Chief Secretary speaks of a good voyage and of all having gone well. It is expected that the Chief Secretary will be in Toronto on Wednesday next. Something has delayed the boat a little, but, thank God, all is well and the immigrants are on their way to their new homes, and the Colonel back to his dear ones.

Major Cameron of the International Training Home staff has received her appointment to Canada, so reads a note in the Events Column of the English War Cry. We are able to confirm this item of news. It will be interesting to all our readers to learn that the Major is coming to the Training College in Toronto. She has had a long and useful career and is now upon one of the best woman organs on Commissioner Howard's staff. As to the date of the Major's arrival, and quite a few other things in connection with the Training College, future notes will reveal.

There are changes in the Women's Social. Adjutant Broster, of the St. John, N. B. Evangeline Hospital has broken down in health and a change is necessary. Miss Coombe has arranged that she shall go on furlough as soon as possible.

Ensign Butch, for a considerable time Matron of the London Home, has been appointed to the St. John, N. B. Home, with every confidence of a blessed and successful term. The St. John, N. B. Home presents great opportunities for the glorification of God among the outcast and fallen, and we have every faith that God will make the Ensign equal to the great responsibilities there.

In looking round for an officer as a successor to Ensign Butch, as his appointment could be made through the Ensign Bond, as Matron of the London Home. The alterations and improvements that are now going on will practically double the capacity of that Home. The responsibility is in connection with it will be great, but God will be the sufficiency of the Ensign and make her more than equal to the same.

Adjutant Smith, who has recently been visiting the Training Home, but in their different corps throughout the Territory, has been appointed to St. John's I. Newfoundland and the Training Garrison. This news will be received in many parts of the Territory with great interest, and many prayers will go up to God that the Adjutant may be mightily owned and blessed, and that not only will the St. John's I. corps go ahead, but marvels will be wrought among the Cadets in the Garrison.

Things are moving ahead in Toronto. A new building is being erected for a corps at the head of Broadview. Lieutenant Donaldson and a staff of helpers are rushing things ahead with all speed. It is expected that the building will be ready for opening in a week or two. This is but the beginning of quite a few buildings in sort to meet the needs of the growing population of this great city.

Tent campaigns are about to commence at Yorkville and Richmond Street. The new tent erected on Yonge Street

Good Progress Made.

Toronto Local Officers Enjoy a Council.

A Local Officer's Council, the first of a series, was conducted at the Training College on May 17th, by Brigadier Taylor.

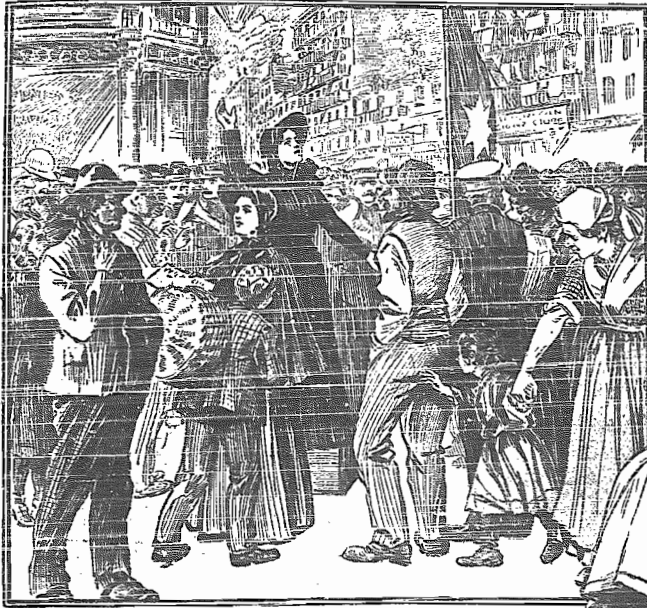
About fifty Locals were present, also the Officers from the City Corps. Tea was partaken of at 6 p.m., after which the party gathered in the Lecture Hall and enjoyed a profitable and blessed session of wise counsel.

The Brigadier reviewed the past year's work in the city of Toronto, remarking favourably on the increase of soldiers. Over two hundred were enrolled last year. The figures also showed an increase in attendance and finances.

Adjutant McElheny and Captain McFetrick acted as spokesmen after wards, and expressed the appreciation of all present of the Council, and their belief in the future progress of the S. A. in Toronto.

Glorious Fighting or Inglorious Ease!—Which?

A WORD TO SHOULD-BE CANDIDATES.



Proclaiming Christ and Him Crucified to the Godless Crowd.



A Life Without Purpose or Strong Endeavor to Bless Mankind.

IN his reflections penned when crossing the Pacific our beloved General wrote as follows:

(1) Thankfulness that at the same time I was led to make a clean-cut separation from the world, as the master, guide, and reward of my life, by renouncing the pursuit of its fame, its pleasures, and its wealth.

As a result of that surrender, God in His mercy has been pleased to give me a thousand-fold more of the things I laid down for His sake, thus verifying in my experience the truth proclaimed by my Saviour that—"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Insad of the honors, pleasures, and gains that earth supplies, I have won the esteem of the truest friends of human-kind, the joys that are unspeakable, while riches beyond my most sanguine dreams have been poured upon me, with the added satisfaction of being able to lay them all at my Saviour's feet.

In a much more restricted sense, of course, there are many beside the General who have, in the spirit of the Scriptures, lost their lives for Christ's sake and found it. Father Damien, the heroic priest, who consecrated his life to the service of the lepers in the Southern Seas, and after doing a magnificent work in bettering their conditions, contracted the loathsome disease and perished. He died a

leper, but won undying fame as an heroic soul.

Dr. Barnardo, a young doctor, at the very outset of his medical career put on one side the allurements of his profession, and devoted himself to saving the waifs and strays of London. Throughout the world, and especially throughout the Dominion, there are many who call him blessed. He lost his life for

Christ's sake, and found it.

The same may be said of thousands of Salvation Army officers who forsook a path that promised comfort and prosperity, and taking up their cross, followed Christ by ways, that led like tunnels through gloom and murkiness, but opened out into large places, where wide fields of opportunity and unbounded influence extended on every hand.

How many of our readers are now living narrow lives? Hemmed in by the walls of their own homes and small circle of acquaintances, who might be living the strenuous life of a Salvation Army Officer, and radiating blessing and salvation to thousands of souls for whom Christ died, going on to a position of honor and influence in this life that they never can attain to in their present condition.

Arouse yourself, dear comrade, lay

aside those comforts and things that charm to seek imperishable glory.

Young man, what are you living for? What do you hope to do with your life? Make money, attain to fame, get to place and power?

Look at the General. He laid down his life, so to speak, when he consecrated himself to the saving of the London crowds. He has found it. Read again what he says at the head of this article—and follow his example.

Young woman, what do you hope to do with your life? Whatever human good life promises you, depend upon it there is more to be found in a life of service for the glory of God and the good of humanity even in time than you may get in a life of disobedience to the leadings of God's holy spirit. Seek first the Kingdom of God. Honor God and He will honor you.

with accommodation for 400 people. This is a splendid location and we have great faith that wonderful triumphs will be won and that splendid corps stationed and made ready to occupy a new building in the days to come.

The old mother corps of the city will have a tent erected at the corner of Queen and Tecumseh Sts. This will accommodate from 400 to 500 people, and everybody is on the tip-toe of expectation for much blessing.

Not only is Toronto moving ahead in this direction, but word has reached us that a second corps is to be formed in London, Ontario, and arrangements are on hand for the erection of a Barracks there to accommodate the soldiers. At present they are holding meetings in cottages. As a matter of fact, in two or three sections of this city, cottage meetings are being held

and young corps are being raised. Who knows but that in other parts of London, as well as in the South, Barracks may soon go up as the result of the enterprise of some of its soldiers and splendid corps raised.

We are to have a Summer Number of the "Young Soldier." The "War Cry" has its special Christmas Number. The young people are to have their special Summer Number—twenty pages, three-colored cover, beautifully illustrated, price two cents. It will be a magnificent production and we are confidently expecting every officer and soldier to do their best to circulate it, and so make it a great success.

Enquiries have come to Headquarters from time to time, from soldiers and friends, re settling on land in New Ontario. Any letters directed to the Commissioner and marked

"New Ontario" on the outside, will receive special attention. As a result of last week's notice concerning British Columbia, enquiries have been received, and no doubt suitable arrangements will be come to concerning those who made the enquiries.

The General has had some marvelous times in Japan. Colonel Higgins, writing on April 26th, speaks enthusiastically of the reception in Tokyo. The crowds, the enthusiasm and the dash of the Japanese hosts made a very good impression upon him, and came up to anything he has seen in this way before.

The General has had some wonderful Civic Receptions. Four hundred of the leading men of the country, mostly noblemen, met at the house of one of the leading Barons of that great city, and listened for over an hour to

our dear General, with rapt attention. A great and wonderful impression was made.

The students have gathered in great crowds to listen to the General. 2,500 of them packed into a theatre and as many were left outside. The General's heart went out to these, and he promised to address them next day in one of the University squares at ten o'clock. A wonderful sight met the General's gaze. From eight to ten thousands had gathered and listened to the General, hanging upon every word, while ten thousand students came to the General's hotel, with Japanese lanterns, to wish him goodbye—a sight never to be forgotten.

Pray for the General's meeting in Quebec, which takes place on the night of the 13th of June, in the Opera House of that city.

The Week-End's Despatches.

A Splendid Week's Work is Chronicled in These Reports.

GOD'S SAVING POWER IS ABUNDANTLY MANIFESTED.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE AT BELLEVILLE.

Crowded Meetings and Inspiring Addresses.

By Wire

The week-end services at Belleville were conducted by Brigadier Hargrave. The crowds and interest were all that could be desired. The Brigadier's addresses were full of inspiration and power, resulting in four seeking salvation and two the blessing of a clean heart. The offerings amounted to over \$20.00.

Our S.-D. Target has been sent in. The Soldiers and friends in Belleville say come again, Brigadier.—B. Coy, Ensign.

CHEERED HIS HEART.

Twenty New Box-Holders Secured.

We have just had another good week-end at Stratford, and were favored with the presence of Staff-Capt. Hay, our D.O., and Capt. Matier, T.F.S., of London. A good crowd gathered at the barracks on Saturday night to hear Capt. Matier give his beautiful and impressive lantern services, entitled, "Chalk Your Own Door," and "The Scotch Pebble." The pictures were splendid, and the service was well appreciated. The Captain was fortunate enough to secure about twenty fresh names of persons who were willing to take a G. B. M. box. This must have given him encouragement. On Sunday good crowds gathered all day, and the Staff-Captain spoke with much power and blessing. In response to his appeal in the morning at the holiness meeting, one soul came out for consecration, and at night a backslider returned. In the afternoon he dedicated Brother and Sister Heaven's to a little ones to God and the Army.—J. C.

SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Old Friends To the Rescue.

We regret to report that our Officers at Fort William are laid aside for a time, owing to sickness. Captain Pearce, an old friend, came from Winnipeg to assist, so things are going on in spite of difficulties.

On Saturday night two young men came to the Saviour; a young girl, also sought salvation on Monday night, and three more came on Tuesday, making a total of six since our last report.

S.-D. is going on in spite of all, and we hope to smash our target.—C.T., for Ensign Crego.

HELPED TO SWELL TARGET.

We had successful meetings at St. John III. on Sunday, and three souls were converted. Ensign and Mrs. Moulton led us on, as we have no permanent officers here yet. On Tuesday, May 7th, we had a banquet in our hall, and the proceeds helped to swell our S.-D. target.—J. S. S.-M. Hutchings.

REJOICING OVER VICTORY.

All Did It Cheerfully.

Self-Denial for 1907, as far as St. John III. Corps is concerned is a thing of the past. Our target is smashed and we have the joy that comes from knowing that we have done our duty. The victory was won by all doing their part, whether large or small—officers, soldiers, juniors and converts taking up the cross cheerfully for Christ's sake.

We are waiting upon God and looking forward to a successful summer's campaign.—Corps Correspondent.

HELPFUL AND INSPIRING.

The week-end meetings at Collingwood were conducted by Major and Mrs. Rawling, our Divisional Officers, assisted by Captain Ritchie. We were pleased to have them with us and the meetings proved a blessing to us all. The Holiness and Salvation talks from the Major were very helpful and inspiring and the playing and singing of Captain Ritchie took very well indeed. Much conviction was felt in the meetings.

Self-Denial victory is assured and by the time this reaches the War Cry, we shall have got our target and S.-D. will be a thing of the past.—J. W., for Captains Nicholson and McAmmond.

TWO ENJOYABLE EVENINGS.

Visitors and comrades spent a very enjoyable evening at Vernon, on Wednesday, when an Ice Cream Social and Musical Entertainment was held. It proved a great success.

On Sunday night two Sisters and one Brother came to the penitent form, which caused us to rejoice in the Lord.—E. B.

CONVERTS DID WELL.

Adj. Carter was at Moncton for the week-end. He received a splendid welcome, and the barracks was crowded. We can announce another splendid Self-Denial victory. The comrades did real well, especially the converts. Sister Crondall took the lead. Under the leadership of Bandmaster D. Smith, our band is doing real well.—L. R.

THREE SOULS SAVED.

Since our last report from Annapolis three souls have been saved. Our S.-D. target is smashed. The people are very kind and willing to give and are getting more interested in the Army. Captain Falls is leading as on and our crowds are increasing, as are our finances. We had Captain Ash around with his lantern recently and the service was much enjoyed.—Lieut. Smith.

Norwich, Ont.—Our Self-Denial target of \$90.00 has been smashed with ease.

DIAMONDS IN A SILVER CITY.

God is Polishing Them.

Silver City, Cobalt. Since opening up in this interesting field of silver we are glad to report something better than silver and gold, in the shape of diamonds, in the rough. Eleven souls have sought salvation and God is polishing them up for His honor and glory.

We have great crowds of men in the open-air meetings who listen with great respect. Our officers, Captain Meeder and Lieut. Thompson, have things well in hand, and have won the respect and confidence of the people. The converts seem to be of the right stamp, among them being some very interesting cases. To God we give all the praise. We are looking forward to even greater victories when the weather gets warmer.—W. N. Clarke for Capt. Meeder.

THREE BANDSMEN WELCOMED.

Forty Soldiers At Open-Air.

We had a joyful time at St. John I., on Sunday morning, when Staff-Capt. Miller gave us one of his old-time holiness talks.

We welcomed three comrades from the Old Lund in the afternoon. They were all bandmen and will prove a great help to us. Our march at night was over forty strong. The Staff-Capt. led on at night.

Mrs. Brigadier Turner and Ensign Prince, beside some city officers were present and took part. Two souls came to God.—Becroft, for Ensign Cornish.

LUMBER JACKS GAVE LIBERALLY.

Vernon corps has been open ten months, and already we have a band of faithful soldiers and recruits, every one having got into some uniform. Since Captain and Mrs. Laidlaw have taken hold the work has progressed and souls are getting saved.

The hall is getting too small and the Captain is busy collecting money for a new one. Mrs. Laidlaw took us for our first trip to the lumber camp, recently. The men were delighted, and begged us to come again. They gave liberally for S.-D.

We have welcomed Sister Boyle, from England.—E.B.

EFFECTIVE SONG SERVICE.

A splendid Song Service was given at Campbellton, N.B., on April 26th, under the direction of Mrs. Ensign Pynn. It was entitled "Maggie's Heaven" and at the close one man came to the Mercy Seat. Sunday was a good day to our souls. Sergt.-Major Cooper led the knee-drill and the Ensign gave a stirring address during the day. We closed with three seeking salvation.—G. T.

COLLECTING AT CHURCH DOOR.

We had Capt. Tiller with us at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., for the week-end. The service entitled "Biddy," was impressive and interesting. On Sunday evening the sisters had the privilege of collecting at the church door for Self-Denial, and realized the sum of \$14.60.—Margaret Murray.

HIS BIRTHDAY TEXT.

A Double-Headed Prayer Meeting.

Five souls took up their cross at Halifax 11, on Sunday. Three had been backsliders, and the other two consecrated themselves to God fully. The Captain spoke on "What will you do with Christ?" at night, at the request of a man who had been converted a year previous through hearing the Captain speak on that text.

On Monday one soul found Christ, and on the following Sunday we had a double-headed prayer meeting. Souls got saved at both ends of the hall. Two military lads gave themselves to God, and several others were deeply convicted.—Corps Co. Miller.

AUCTIONED OFF THE PIE.

We have just had another exciting week-end at Dauphin. Things are going on in the right direction, and special interest is being manifested in the open-air. On Tuesday last Capt. Smith made a flying trip to Grand View in the interests of Self-Denial, and on Thursday evening a special meeting was given under the direction of our popular Lieutenant. A goodly number were present, and a great sum was taken in at the door. Owing to their being several pies and cakes to the good, an auction sale was held, Bro. Falconer being the auctioneer. The soldiers are doing well collecting, and we fully expect to smash our target.

We are glad to be able to report more souls for this week, and are believing for others who are deeply convicted.—Thos. F. Stechler.

HE SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.

'Victory Was the Result.

Since the last report 'Barrie' has been favored with a visit from Staff-Capt. McGillivray. The Staff-Captain's old friends were delighted to see him back to Barrie once again. We had exceptionally good meetings, and God blessed us.

Self-Denial has been the subject of the past two weeks. Our Adjutant has been a great example during his effort. He has not only worked for himself, but has inspired us to go on to victory, and now we all agree in knowing that our target of \$115.00 is not only reached, but left far behind.

Great preparations are now being made for the Lippincott Street Band. Town musicians are delighted.—Lt. Tully Horne.

GETTING A HUSTLE ON.

Since our last report from Hamilton one soul has been captured. The S.-D. target has been smashed, our barracks has been repaired, our lamps put in, and a new drum, rope and leathers "unwound." Our crowds are increasing, and on Sunday night we had the largest attendance for four years.—Corps Co.

A BASKET SOCIAL.

Another soul fully surrendered to God at Paris last Sunday. A few days ago we had a basket social, which was a great success. The baskets sold for \$10.00.—Corps Co.

HARDWORKING SPECIALS.

The Treasurer Gives His Experience and Persuades Sinners.

We had two Specials at Woodstock, N. B. last week-end, in the persons of Captain Winchester and Treasurer Sec. The former is travelling on Immigration business, and the latter built from Lippincott St. Corps, Toronto. They proved a great help and blessing to us.

The Treasurers' experience, before and after his conversion was listened to with great interest. During the Prayer Meeting he worked hard for souls, and had the joy of leading many to the Saviour.

Captain Winchester spoke powerfully in the meetings, and Captain Porter sang sweetly. Ten souls surrendered, all in the Holiness Meeting. One plunged in the Fountain in the afternoon and ten more came to the Mercy Seat at night. We finished up near midnight—tired but happy.—Bandsman.

SOME SOLEMN REMINDERS.

Adjutant and Mrs. Sparks, fresh from the Ancient Colony, have now been in charge of Charlottetown some weeks, holding on courageously under difficulties. Brigadier Turner has just given us a fine private meeting, and promises more abundant things for the future.

Our comrades, Nellie Badoack and Mary McDavid are in the hospital, passing through severe illnesses and need our prayers. Others are far from well. Comrade George Vaughan, brother-in-law of Treasurer Chandler, was promoted to glory, May 7th, after a brief illness, having returned home from the North-West but recently. Wesley Snow, a good Army friend, has also passed away at his home in Victoria.

These events are again reminders, for both were youths.—H.

GOT HIM AT LAST.

Plenty of Open-Air Fighting.

We had splendid times at Parliament Street this week.

On Thursday, a man was attracted to our hall by the open-air meeting of the Cadets. He came back again on Friday and was led to the penitent form by a parade.

"I have often laughed at the Salvation Army," he said, "but they've got me now." He had been drinking for the past six weeks and was in a wretched condition. When last visited he was doing well and keeping away from the drink.

Captain Weir and a Brigade of Cadets were with us on Sunday and Captain Layman came along at night. We had three open-air before each meeting, and tried to rouse things up.

One Sister came forward in the Holiness Meeting and many more were under conviction. In the afternoon the Self-Denial results were read out. One soul sought salvation at night.—J.H.S.

A SALVATION SOLDIER AT HEART.

We had a day of victory at Thamesville, (an outpost of Bothwell) on Thursday. After canvassing the place and holding a meeting in the Town Hall, the sum of \$22.00 was raised.

At our open-air meeting the Methodist minister assisted us. He also gave a nice testimony in the hall, saying that he was a Salvationist, all but the guernsey.—B.J.N.J.

A Mighty Shout of Victory.

Toronto Soldiery Enthusiastic Over Splendid S.D.J. Results.

OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS INCREASE.

"More than conquerors are we." This was the note of triumph that sounded out on Monday night at the Temple, when all the Toronto soldiery assembled to rejoice together over the success of the Self-Denial Effort in the city. The announcement that the amounts raised by each corps would be made known was sufficient to draw an interested crowd, and a spirit of eager expectancy hovered over the meeting until the results were read out. As victory after victory was recorded, bursts of hand-clapping and cheering made the Temple ring again and again. It was the joyful acclamations of those who had fought and won; there was rejoicing in the camp of Israel.

The Legion Street and Temple Bands occupied the platform, and rendered selections in between the speeches. The Toronto Junction Band also distinguished itself, and was heartily applauded. The speakers who were called on to represent different bodies of soldiers, or if we may put it so, the different regiments that took part in the fight, were as follows: Trans. Mrs. Symington and Bandsman Bonthron, for the Local Officers; Adjt. McElhenry and Capt. Heron for the Field Officers; Cadet Goulding and Cadet Simpson for the Cadets.

The Commanding Officers of each corps were then requested to come forward and present their cheques to the Brigadier, and the amounts were given in as follows:

Capt. Peacock and Lieut. Sweeney, Esther Street, \$233—an increase of \$42.

Adjt. Kendall, Lippincott Street, \$760—an increase of \$137.60.

Capt. McPetrick, Lisgar Street, \$404—an increase of \$107.33.

Mrs. Brigadier Taylor and Captain Nellie Coombs, Yorkville, \$651—an increase of \$322.45.

Adjt. McElhenry, Riverside, \$375—an increase of \$139.06.

Adjt. Howell, Temple, \$1,016—an increase of \$105.70.

Ensign Thompson, Dovercourt, \$205—an increase of \$54.30.

Capt. Patrick and Lieut. McLean, Parliament Street, \$235.

Capt. Heron and Lieut. Crist, Toronto Junction, \$225—an increase of \$55.

Cadets Simpson and Kyle, East Toronto, \$81.82—an increase of \$41.82.

Cadets Humphreys and Bonthron, Wyckwood, \$72.50 the first effort of this corps.

Capt. Brackett, Swansea, \$103.86. This corps was only opened two months ago.

The Cadets collected \$500 on the streets alone, and altogether landed in the sum of \$1,150.

Bowmanville and Oshawa sent \$75, each towards their targets, and the total amount raised for the Province was \$5,004.14, and increase of \$1,067.50 over last year.

Brigadier Taylor then announced that three prizes were to be given. The first went to Yorkville for the largest increased amount. The second went to Swansea, for the greatest

amount raised with the fewest soldiers (each soldier averaged \$10.00). A handsome platform Bible was to be their reward. The third prize was awarded to Treasurer Gregory, of Yorkville, for the largest individual target; (He collected \$100.00.) This is a very gratifying result and we give God all the glory and are humbly grateful that he has been pleased to bless our efforts and manifest His pleasure towards the Salvation Army. Like Him Whom we follow, we must go on increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

The T. R. Q. Staff Band at Brampton.

M. P.'s. Glowing Tribute—Magnificent Open-Air Service in Park—Visit To House of Industry.

Brampton was doubly favoured the past week-end with a visit both from the Staff Band and also from Lieut. Colonel Sharp, the P. O. After several roasting open-air meetings, to which large crowds were attracted, the campaign opened with a great Musical Festival in the S. A. Barracks. The chair was ably filled by the Hon. R. Blain Esq., M. P., who in his opening remarks paid a very high compliment to the General and the work of the Salvation Army. "I considered it an honour," said he, "to be present at the reception tendered to General Booth in the city of Ottawa, recently; it was an honour to sit at the feet of so distinguished a man. I like the Army, I like its music and bands, yes, and I like its flag. Speaking personally of the Army's work in Brampton, I can look back and see men once sicken with drink, who through the heat of the drum and faithful labours of its Officers, have been brought into the fold, and though long since passed from the stage of action, are today, I believe, safe in glory. I regret I have not been able to give more time to the Army work, but my heart beats in one with the splendid work. I heartily welcome the band to our town, and would gladly present you with the freedom of Brampton, were it mine to give; for Salvationists, as a rule, are men you can trust."

After these remarks the band rendered a highly creditable programme, which was much appreciated, if we may so by the hearty applause.

Sunday morning witnessed an impressive ceremony, when Colonel Sharp dedicated under the Flag, the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Stone.

Perhaps the crowning effort of the week-end was the magnificent Service of Praise given in the park to an audience of many hundreds of Brampton's best citizens on Sunday afternoon. Here, fashion's finest creations gathered under the newly leafed trees and stood for two hours as if spell-bound, listening to the music, both vocal and instrumental.

The week-end closed with a powerful address by Colonel Sharp, on the Poverty of Jesus. Truly our hearts were thrilled as we listened to his heartfelt message and one soul sought and found pardon as a result.

During the day the Band found time to visit the House of Industry, where they gave a Musical Service. It was much appreciated by the inmates, who were deeply impressed.

The Band returned on Monday, well satisfied with their splendid reception and kindly treatment, and also with the financial assistance given by our friends.—Band Correspondent.

Singing Souls into the Kingdom.

dom. *Journalist*

Music and Song Greatly Impress Temple Audience and Penitents Weep Their Way To God Under Its Influence.

Owing to the continued illness of Adjutant Howell, the Sunday meeting, at the Temple were conducted by Lieut. Colonel Pugmire. At the Hall-mess meeting, several consecrated themselves to God's service. In the night meeting three young women and a little boy responded at once to the invitation to seek salvation and then followed a battle for those who were convicted but were still unwilling. A young man came next, then a woman, weeping bitterly, rushed up the aisle and threw herself down at the Mercy Seat. Two little girls then came seeking Jesus, and the fathers brought out others whom God had smitten that night. The last to surrender was a young man in the gallery, who had doubts as to whether he could "keep it" if he did come. The Colonel left the platform and went and dealt with him, while the solemn strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were echoing through the building, under the skillful touch of Mrs. Robinson. The singer got the victory and was led triumphantly up the aisle by the Colonel. Then the Band blazed forth with a stirring march tune and every one rejoiced over ten souls won to Christ and thanked God for the blessings of the day.

SALVATION FIREWORKS.

An Ancient Knee-Driller and an Up-to-Date Address.

We had an Enrollment of Soldiers at Toronto Junction on Thursday. Bandsman Plimister, from the Old Land was re-enrolled, as his transfer had gone astray.

The young people have had an object lesson this week, by seeing Mrs. Phillips, who is eighty years of age, walking nearly a mile to attend knee-drill. We had salvation fireworks on Sunday afternoon. The testimonies were loud retorting rockets, and the solos, blazing crackers. We had a packed house at night, and the Captain spoke on the "New World."—Sergeant Pellatt, for Capt. Heron and Lieut. Crist.

SPECIAL PRAYER FOR BEREAVED.

Impressive services were conducted at Brantford by Adjutant Bloss last week-end. Touching references were made concerning the husband of one of our soldiers who was accidentally killed during the week, and special prayer was offered for the bereaved ones.

After a well-fought prayer meeting two souls surrendered, making three for the week-end.—Walter H. Godden.

SOLDIERS OF KING JESUS.

On Sunday afternoon we had splendid crowds in the open-air at Montreal V., many of those who attended the military church parade standing around our ring and listening to the testimonies. Our comrades told how they were soldiers of King Jesus, and of what He had done for them. We got much blessed in the night meeting, and three souls came to the mercy-seat.—Fraser.

With the Druses of Mount Lebanon.



MOUNT LEBANON and its cedars are associated with some of the most sacred sayings and solemn events recorded in the Bible.

The cedar of Lebanon stood as an emblem of the happiness and growth of the faithful. "The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

It was from this mountain that David got most of his cedar for the building of the Temple, and Moses, too, mentions "that goodly mountain Lebanon" when recapitulating to the children of Israel on the banks of Jordan how wonderfully God had brought them up out of the land of Egypt, through the desert to the borders of the Promised Land.

Mount Lebanon has been a place of hallowed memories to the children of God in all ages, and a few facts concerning it and those who inhabit its wooded slopes may therefore be of interest to our readers.

The Lebanon range separates Syria from Palestine. The name means white, not because the lofty peaks are covered with eternal snows—winter and summer—but because of the whitish color of their rocks.

The mountains are divided into two parallel ranges—Lebanon on the east and Anti-Lebanon on the west.

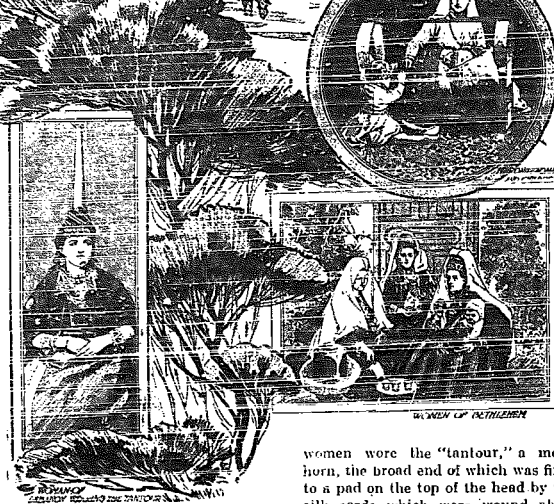
High up on the mighty mountain-side are the remains of the great cedar forests of Solomon's time.

There are now only about four hundred trees remaining, and up on the mountain rock Hadrian has sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut down these sacred trees. The Maronite peasants almost worship them, and call them "the cedars of the Lord," while a recent governor of Lebanon has surrounded them by a wall so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet century by century their number grows less.

The valleys and lower slopes of the hills are generally verdant with vegetation, and support a population of about two hundred thousand persons. These are principally Maronites and the Druses.

Warring Peoples.

For some time great animosity existed between these peoples, and the strife reached its climax in 1860. From May to October of that year, accounts of the barbarities practised by the Druses followed each other with appalling frequency until the indignation of Europe was roused against them. A conference of five Powers met in Paris, and



the district of Lebanon was taken from Turkish rule and placed under a Christian governor, the European Powers constituting themselves the guardians of the new province.

Among the tribes and sects that inhabit Mount Lebanon there is none that attracts more attention than the Druses. They are interesting, first on account of their strange, mysterious religion, the secret of which they do not confide to the world; second, for their great courage and bravery; their lavish hospitality, and their unusual courtesy and suavity of manner.

They believe in a god who occasionally manifests himself in the flesh, the Fatimite Khalif being the last incarnation. They also adhere to the theory of the transmigration of souls.

They believe that in time everybody will become a Druse; also that Kalem, who was deified a year before his death, will soon reappear from Western China at the head of four million Druses to claim the sovereignty of the world.

One must be born a Druse to belong to them. They make no attempt to proselytise, believing it to be useless, as the gates of Heaven were closed finally nine hundred years ago. They believe in one individual god, who is all wise, but they have ten christs. The last one to appear was El Hakim, who held the gates of Heaven open thirty years, during which time one mankind had a chance of salvation.

They practise monogamy, and the highest order of their religion as well as the lowest is open to women, who are allowed to sit in their councils though separated from the men by a curtain.

The intellectuality and virtue of the feminine Druse set her as far above all other Syrian women as the great courage and bravery of the men lift them above the tribes that surround them. The women are taller than the men, are of fine physique and regular features, with dark hair and eyes, and clear, pale complexions.

During the last fifteen years many changes have taken place in the dress of the Druse women. Like all national costumes, it is being Europeanized out of existence. Formerly all married

women wore the "tantour," a metal horn, the broad end of which was fixed to a pad on the top of the head by two silk cords which were wound about the head once or twice, then were caught behind and let fall to the ground; they were finished with large tassels weighted with silver caps or balls to balance the "tantour."

The "Tantour."

The horn once put on was never taken off, night or day, and in course of time it became thoroughly imbedded in the hair, sometimes causing great discomfort. The veil was taken off at night and laid away, but the tantour still retained its place. The woman slept on a wooden pillow, hollowed out to fit the neck, and so arranged that they could lie only on one side, facing the husband, and thus they managed to keep the horn on—but even so, it must have been an uncomfortable bed-fellow.

Marriages are arranged by the parents of the bride and bridegroom. Still, to make it seem that the young people have a voice in the matter, three days before that fixed for the wedding the bridegroom, accompanied by fourteen or sixteen youths of his own age, makes a visit to the father of his intended wife and formally demands her hand.

The father, armed from top to toe, as are the young men, meets him at the door and gives his consent. The party are then invited in, and the amount of the dowry, which varies from \$50.00 to \$75.00, is fixed. This is given by the bride's father, and remains with him, payment being required only in case of divorce.

The rites of hospitality are sacred in their eyes, and no one is turned away from their tent or door. In fact, visitors are implored to accept their hospitality.

The hearing of the "purse of fate," and transmitting it from father to son, is one of the most curious customs of the Druses. A small sum of money is carefully sealed up in a purse, which is always in the keeping of the head of the family; it is not to be opened except upon certain conditions, which almost never happen. They believe that when the soul leaves one body and enters another it sometimes carries memory of its previous existence with it. In such a case, if it can prove its identity to the satisfaction of the

family who own the purse, it is titled to the purse.

salvation of the Druses.

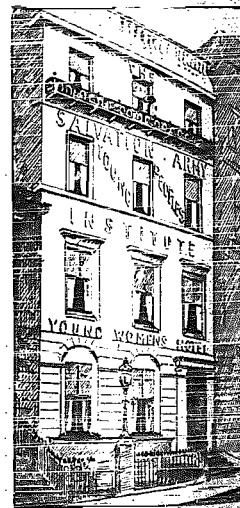
It is good to know that efforts are being made to teach this interesting people the Gospel of the Sermon on the Mount, and also the glorious fact that the Kingdom of Heaven is open to all who will enter in by the way that was opened up on Mount Calvary.

Remember, you are living in a land where the plan of God's salvation for lost mankind is displayed in all its simplicity and beauty. Have you yet accepted it? If not, and you should die unsaved, how terrible will be the recollection that you might have been saved—had you not until too late. Seek Christ NOW and live to His glory; then, if not, shall you flourish like the cedars of Lebanon and rejoice with Christ for ever.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Young People's Building at Glasgow.

Another striking departure in Army enterprise has to be recorded, viz., the opening at Glasgow of a splendid and well-situated building, dedicated to the interests of young people—in this instance of young women in particular—the long-cherished desire of the General, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth, in promoting in a definite and practical manner the best interests of the nation's sons and daughters. A fine crowd of representative people assembled for the inauguration, at which Mrs. Booth was heartily welcomed. The Lord Provost presided over the influential assemblage, and Mrs. Booth's admirable address was listened to with the closest attention. The building provides an hotel for young women.



The Army's Latest Venture.

affording accommodation for seventy persons, and the happy, homelike, helpful atmosphere, with all its educational and uplifting associations, is certain to be appreciated.

Standing Alone.

Mrs. Jones, a former soldier of Halls ville, writes us to say that although at present far from any Army camp, she is doing her best for the War. She sells 20 War Cries and 10 Young Soldiers per week, and is about the number of Grace before Me. Last quarter she raised \$100.00 means.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

The Romance of Jack and Jill.

A TYPICAL CANADIAN TALE.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

PART V.

MRS. DOUGLAS—PAT MALONEY AND OTHER PEOPLE

FORTUNE had fluctuated in its treatment of Mr. Douglas. Like many who migrated from the Motherland in his day, he had much disappointment mingled with his success. His wife, a well educated and cultured English lady, had been very brave and borne very patiently all the financial stress and hardships. The new land and its customs had been very crude. In the first years, many accustomed home comforts were lacking, and Mrs. Douglas, who had never been constitutionally strong or robust, found the severity of the Northern winter and the extreme heat of the summer very trying.

But Mr. Douglas was very anxious to succeed, and when he could not find sufficient employment in his own line of business he took the "next best," and so the years slipped away. He had secured a nice home and surrounding grounds. Several acres of orchard lands lay about his house. He had an abundance of fruit trees—apples, pears, plums and cherries, and of small fruits; numerous varieties—currants, black, red and white; strawberries, gooseberries, blueberries and raspberries. While besides a few imported English flowers, he had a rich profusion of the gay-hued flowers which make a Canadian garden a perfect wealth of brilliancy and color—Sweet Williams, Zenias, Pinks, Batchelor Buttons, Petunias, Peppies and the many colored Phlox.

One day he came into the house with this remark,

"They say Tom Forbes has straightened up."

"I am sure his poor wife will rejoice," answered Mrs. Douglas. "How did it happen? He has signed the pledge repeatedly but always breaks it, poor fellow! You see father, he cannot get home from the foundry without passing the open door of that Keen Saloon, Mrs. Forbes says the odor of the strong drink is more than he can resist.—I do wish there could be some law enacted to put the evil temptation out of the way of such weak ones as poor Forbes," concluded Mrs. Douglas, with a sigh.

"Yes, yes, and so do I, Jessie, that too will come with the onward march of civilization. But they say about town, that Forbes has been attending the services of this new sect which have lately started up here, and they have helped him to his feet. I hope it is correct."

"I will go and see Mrs. Forbes to-day. I want her to wash for me, and she may tell me about her husband—she is very sensitive on the subject, and I could not ask any questions you know."

"I sincerely hope, my wife, that you may find that I have been rightly informed."

Later in the day, with a little basket, containing a few of the luscious pears and plums and a bouquet of variegated Sweet Peas, Mrs. Douglas

wended her way to Mrs. Forbes' poor wretched home. Home, did I say? That sweet appellation is a misnomer when applied to the abode of a drunkard and his unfortunate family.

Mrs. Forbes was digging potatoes in the neglected patch of ground to the left of the tiny unpainted cottage.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Forbes; you are very busy, as usual, I see. Can you spare time to sit down and rest a few moments?"

"Oh, Mrs. Douglas! God bless your kind heart! Yes, I will come right away. Excuse me while I wash my hands. Sit down in the room, please."

The "room" was almost entirely

sympathetic listener. Then Mrs. Forbes heard many things with which she was previously unacquainted.

Brave Mrs. Forbes, like the unfortunate partner of many a miserable inebriate, had borne her burden alone, and had hidden her sorrow and shame as much as possible.

But her poor, over-charged heart was full of gratitude in the answer to her many prayers, and she gave Mrs. Douglas many glimpses into the long years of suffering, heart-break, and hardship.

"I am sure you have known many sad days," assented that gentle lady, with a mist of tears swimming before her eyes.

"Yes, ma-am," answered Mrs. Forbes; "but I think one of the saddest was the Christmas morning before my little Gertie died. The church bells were ringing. My husband had been out all night drinking. I was very heart-broken. My Gertie came to me and said:

"I can smell all the nice dinners

said, 'God bless my dear Papa, and make him leave the naughty drink alone.' When he found she was gone he nearly lost his reason, and vowed he would never touch another drop. He did love his blue-eyed little girlie, you know, Mrs. Douglas."—Mrs. Forbes was sobbing convulsively now—"when he was sober, but, oh! the drink was like a demon, and when the appetite was upon him he forgot everything else.

"Poor Mr. Forbes, his remorse must have been dreadful," interposed Mrs. Douglas, to give the poor wife a chance to recover her composure.

"Ah, yes, he threatened to throw himself in the lake, and I really was afraid he would do so.

"But I am so thankful," she continued, "a wonderful change has taken place, and he is like a new man. He is really converted, and does not want the drink at all."

"Ah, yes, I have heard so, Mrs. Forbes."

"Yes Ma-am, he went to the meetings of this Army, at the old rink, and God has changed his heart. He came in one night—I was watching and just trembled as I heard his step, but soon discovered that it was different—firmer—I think. He rushed in, put his arm around me and asked me if I could ever forgive him. He said God had saved him and he would be a different man in the future and a kind husband."

"I think, Ma-am, he thought of little Gertie, for he cried bitterly and said, 'Do you think, wife, that she will know?' I said that I thought so, for she had prayed so much for her father in the last days before she died. And he has been a good man since. He is working hard, trying to pay his debts and as soon as they are paid, we shall try and get a few necessities and comforts in our wretched little home."

Mrs. Douglas expressed her pleasure in the change that had taken place and returned thoughtfully home.

That evening she told the story of the marvelous work of grace which had taken place in Mr. Forbes.

"Oh," exclaimed Jill—now a tall, graceful, vivacious girl of eighteen years, "let us go and hear these new people, mother."

"Yes, darling, I would very much like to do so. I have heard the distant singing being carried on the summer breeze, and should much like to attend a service."

"When shall we go, Mamma?"

"Well, Jill, not this evening, as it is our regular church prayer-meeting, and you know I have never permitted anything to interfere with my custom of attending that, since the little ones passed their early childhood. But to-morrow night we will go."

"May I accompany you, Mother, if Dad cannot go? I don't like ladies going to that rink building alone."

John Douglas always liked to act the gallant to his mother and attend her when his father could not do so.

"Very well, my son," said his mother, looking proudly upon her blue sixteen year old boy. "Your father is going to the city to-morrow, and you shall be our escort."

Thursday evening, Mrs. Douglas, Jeanette and Johnnie started out in the fresh sweet evening hour to attend the Army meeting. As they passed along the main street of the town, they saw a little group at the street corner. In the centre, a banner of red and blue, bearing a strange inscription round a yellow cross-like design floated.



The Visit to Mr. Forbes.

bure of furniture. A broken stove—polished as bright as it could be polished—supported on bricks, instead of the feet of which it was minus; an uncovered wooden table, scrubbed clean; a biscuit box or two, with a large box, draped with some thread-bare but spotless chintz, serving the purpose of a cupboard; the remnants of a few chairs, with a cheap picture here and there on the unpapered walls, constituted the furniture of the room. Mrs. Douglas glanced about and noted how very poor, but how scrupulously clean, were her surroundings.

Presently Mrs. Forbes returned, and sat down to talk to her visitor.

Her heart was very full, and she was soon pouring the story of her husband's conversion into the ears of her

cooking. Why have we no nice dinner to cook on Christmas day, Mamma?"

"Poor little darling," murmured Mrs. Forbes. "She is better off now."

"Yes, Mrs. Douglas, I know, and I have shed so many tears I have none left to weep, my eyes just burn when I think of her—she was so patient and sweet all through those spring days—and you were so kind Ma-am—so that she had many little dainties. But I thought my heart would break when she died. She pleaded with her Papa to give up the 'bad drink, which spoiled her nice Papa and made her Mamma cry,' and poor Tom, he would promise and promise, but the very day she passed away, he was so drunk he could not get him to her bedside. She asked so pitifully for him, and

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Preliminary Notice!

GREAT
Camp Meetings

will be held in the

DUFFERIN GROVE,

Dufferin and College Sts.,

Toronto,

Saturday, June 20, to

Thursday, July 11.

THE COMMISSIONER

Will be assisted by the CHIEF SECRETARY, T. H. C. Staff and Training Staff. THE STAFF BAND and CITY BANDS will take part. Full Programme will be given later.

Pray for Another Pentecost.

Note.—Soldiers and friends desirous of Camping on the grounds will please write to Brigadier Taylor, 135 Sherbourne St., Toronto, for particulars.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Mord.—Trenton, June 1, 2, 3; Belleville, June 4, 5; Deseronto, June 6; Picton, June 7, 8, 9; Napanee, June 10, 11; Odessa, June 12; Kingston, June 13, 14; Gananoque, June 15, 16, 17; Brockville, 18, 19; Prescott, 20, 21; Morrisburg, 22, 23, 24; Iroquois, 25, 26, 27; Cornwall, 28, 29, 30; Montreal, July 1, 2; Sherbrooke, 3, 4, 5; Quebec 6, 7, 8, 9; Montreal I., 10, 11, 12; Montreal V., 13, 14, 15; Montreal II., 17, 18; Montreal VI., 19, 20, 21; Montreal III., 22; Montreal IV., 23, 24, 25.

Captain Ash.—Sussex, June 1, 2; St. John III., 4; Carleton, 5; St. John I., 6.

Captain Matier.—Paris, June 1, 2, 3; Hamilton, 4, 5; Tillsonburg, 6, 7; Simcoe, 8, 9, 10; Norwich, 11, 12; Woodstock, 13, 14; Ingersoll, 15, 16, 17; London, 18, 19, 20.

Farm Lands and Real Estate
Advice Bureaux.

Having received enquiries from Salvationists and others concerning Farm Lands (improved or otherwise) the Commissioner has decided to establish Agencies in connection with our Immigration Department, where we shall be glad to receive correspondence from those desiring to purchase or sell. We hope in this way to give reliable information to our soldiers and friends.

Communications should be sent to Brigadier Howell, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, or to any of the following Immigration Officers—Major Creighton, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man., or 439 Harris St., Vancouver, B.C.; Staff-Capt. McGillivray, Clarence St., London, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Creighton, Kingston, Ont.; Staff-Capt. Patterson, 18 Palace Hill, Quebec, P.E.; or 25 University St., Montreal, P.E.; Adjt. Jennings, Box 477, Halifax, N.S., or 253 Prince William St., St. John, N.B.; Adjutant Wakefield, Brandon, Man.

Songs for All Meetings.

Salvation.

Tunes.—What's the news? 126; We're travelling home, 123; Song Book, No. 103.

1. When'er we meet, you always say, "What's the news?"
Pray, what's the order of the day?
What's the news?"

Oh, I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well;
And triumphed over death and hell,
That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
To set a world of sinners free,
For us He bowed His sacred head,
For us His precious blood was shed;
And now He's risen from the dead.

And Jesus Christ can save you too,
Your sinful heart He can renew;
This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive.

And above the sky is dark and stormy?
Never mind, go on!
Lay aside all fear, and, onward press-
ing,
Bravely fight, and God will give His
blessing;
Though the war at times may prove
distressing,
Never mind, go on!

Chorus.

Faithful be, delaying not to follow
Where Christ leads, though it may be
through sorrow;
If the strife should fiercer grow to-
morrow,

Never mind, go on!
Cheerful be, it will your burdens
lighten,
One glad heart will always others
brighten;
Though the strife the coward soul may
frighten,
Never mind, go on!

The Auditorium, Quebec.

ON HIS RETURN FROM JAPAN

THE GENERAL

WILL LECTURE.

SUBJECT: "LESSONS OF MY LIFE."

Thursday, June 13th, 8.15 p.m.

The General will be accompanied by
Commander Eva Booth, Commissioner
Coombs and Commissioner Nicol.

CHILDREN WITH OR WITHOUT THEIR PARENTS CANNOT BE ADMITTED.

Tunes.—Jordan's flood, 94; There is a
happy land, 95; Song Book, No.
121.

2. When you come to death's cold
flood,

How will you do?

You who now neglect your God,
How will you do?

Death will be a solemn day,
When the soul is forced away;
It will be too late to pray.

How will you do?

You who have no more than form,
Can you brave the awful storm?
When the waves of death assail,
Every read and prop will fail;
Forms will be of no avail.

O, backsliders, turned aside,
Whither will you flee to hide?
Conscience will in terror rise,
And the worm that never dies,
When you sink, no more to rise.

Experience.

Tunes.—Never mind, go on, 358; Song
Book, No. 619.

3. In the fight, say, does your heart
grow weary?
Do you find your path is rough and
thorny,

Tune.—Happy song, 235; Song Book,
No. 566.

4. We are marching on, with shield
and banner bright,

We will work for God and battle for
the right;

We will praise His name, rejoicing in
His might,

And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, then awake!

In the open-air, our Army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed standard
there;

And the Saviour's cross we gladly
learn to bear,

While we work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on and pressing for-
ward the prize.

To a glorious crown beyond the glow-
ing skies;

To the radiant fields where plouso
never dies,

And we'll work till Jesus calls.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Ye banks and braes, 121; Mo-
drid, 117; Song Book, No. 479.

5. All things are possible to him,
That can in Jesus' name believe,
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme.

The truth I lovingly receive,
I can, I do believe in Thee,
All things are possible in me.

All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man;
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again;
And witness from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

Tunes.—Silver threads, 157; This is
why, 159; Song Book, No. 498.

6. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-
ing,

Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace I find,
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace!

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

May I still enjoy this blessing,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His death each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

Musical Prize Com-
petitions
FOR THE YEAR 1917.

The Chief of the Staff has approved
the undernoted arrangements for the
Prize Competitions of the present
year.

The Competition will be in three
classes:—

1.—The best original melody for
general congregational use in some
Army holiness medley.

2.—The best original melody for
the use of Army bands.

3.—The best original march for the
use of Army bands.

The Musical Board of International
Headquarters will be the judges,
and the cash prizes, accompanied by
a certificate of merit, will be as fol-
lows:—

For the best Melody, 1st Prize \$2.
2d Prize \$1 is.

For the best Selection, 1st Prize \$2.
2d Prize \$2 is.

For the best March, 1st Prize \$2.
2d Prize \$1 is.

A Certificate of Merit will be given
to the competitor who takes the
third place in each class.

The Competitions in all classes will
be open to Salvationists of all ranks
in all lands, except persons who are
officially employed by the Army in
composing or editing music.

Melodies must be received in Lon-
don between June 1st and 15th.

Selections and Marches must be re-
ceived in London between July 1st
and 15th, except from the United
States and foreign countries. The cash
and such contributions will be extended
August 1st to 15th, 1917.

Full particulars, together with re-
gulations and form of entry can be ob-
tained from the Territorial Council.

Intending competitors must make
immediate application to the
territorial council, before commencing their work.

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND
will visit:

Uxbridge, Saturday, June 1st and 2nd.

Aurora, Saturday and Sunday, June
15th and 16th.

MAJOR SIMCO

Will visit Hamilton, Sunday, June 17th,
and Sunday, June 18th and 19th.